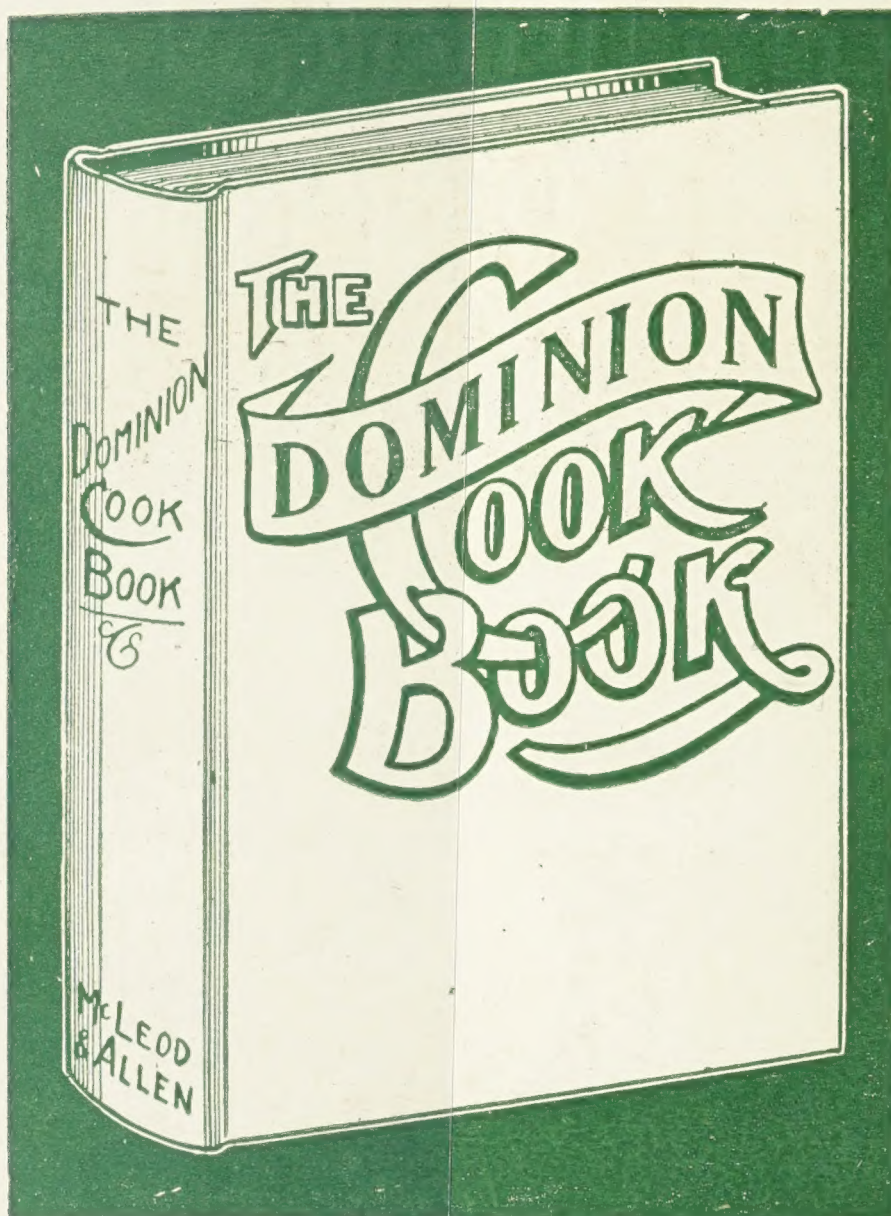


MAPLE LEAF AMATEUR RECITER And Book of Choice Dialogues



FOR PARLOR SCHOOL
AND EXHIBITION.



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Special Chapter Sick Room Cookery.

Maple Leaf Amateur Reciter

A Book of Choice Dialogues
For Parlor, School and
Exhibition

Compiled and Edited by
Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
and others



Toronto
McLeod & Allen
Publishers

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PREFACE.

RECITATIONS are now a feature of every social and public entertainment. A good poem, well rendered, gives even more pleasure than a piece of good music well played. But all good poems are not suitable for recitation, and some of the best are stale from frequent use. There is a call for a neat, cheap book of well-selected recitations, suitable for a variety of occasions.

In "Munro's Star Recitations" an attempt has been made to supply this demand. The Star collection comprises humorous, comic, narrative, heroic and tragic poems—a variety to suit all tastes and all occasions—the home drawing-room, and the parlor of the summer hotel, as well as the stage of a school exhibition room or a public entertainment.

There is also a lively little one-act comedy and several character and tableau recitations. The selections have been made with care. They comprise only what is innocently amusing, instructive or entertaining. Some of them are perfectly new; none are hackneyed. In introducing into

this collection several of my own poems I have not been moved by the vanity of fancying that they had any claim to being regarded as "choice." My motive has been to gratify the request of correspondents who had heard me recite the poems and wished to have them in print. Some of them have never been published before, and are from my forthcoming book of poems.

MARY E. BRYAN.

MUNRO'S STAR RECITATIONS.

LASCA.

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The *mélée* of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
And Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,

And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
 Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
 She would hunger that I might eat,
 Would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
 But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
 At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
 One Sunday, in San Antonio,
 To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
 She drew from her belt a little dagger,
 And—sting of the wasp!—it made me stagger!
 An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
 And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
 But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
 Her torn reboso about the wound,
 That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

* * * * *

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
 I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
 Forgot the herd that was taking their rest,
 Forgot that the air was close opprest,
 That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
 In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
 That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
 Nothing on earth can stop their flight;
 And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
 Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

* * * * *

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
 Of my swift mustang without a word.
 I sprung to the saddle; she clung behind.
 Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
 But never was a fox-hunt half so hard,
 And never was steed so little spared,

For we rode for our lives.
You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air, and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head;
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead.

—FRANK DESPREZ in *The Argonaut*.

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MYRRHA, THE GREEK BRIDE.

THE Moslem's evening call to prayer
No longer clove the echoing air.
The sunset's purple citadel
Dissolved as at some silent spell
Into a fairy sea of rose,
Through which the star of evening grows
As some white lily in a lake,
Whose dreaming waters never wake.

The mosques and minarets that rose
Against that sky of calm repose
Show darker, and more gloomy falls
The shadow of the palace walls
Across the dark Bosphorean tide
That laves the palace' marble side—
Palace, whose guarded walls shut in
So much magnificence and sin:
The feet of dancing girls that whirl
Like blossoms in the fatal swirl
Of eddying waves; the sumptuous forms
Of slaves whose purchased beauty warms
The sultan's proud voluptuous veins
That purer tenderness disdains;
But darker deeds than sloth and lust
Render these palace walls accursed.
Often the shuddering night has seen
Victims of spite or jealous spleen
Borne, bound and shrieking piteous prayer,
Or dumb in proud and white despair,
Dragged to the brink—a splash, a moan,

The waters close, a soul has flown,
The Moslem tyrant's power is shown.

No marvel that it darkly falls,
The shadow from these palace walls.

Darkening and motionless it lay
Upon the calm, upheaving bay,
Till, in a breath, 'tis broken. Swift,
But noiseless as a leaf may drift
A boat, swan-breasted, shoots inside
The shadow-outline streaming wide.
Close to the wall it presses; where
A slender balcony, carved and fair,
Juts high above; it pauses there;
The boatman rises; nobler shape
The Turkish mantle may not drape;
Those limbs were worthy knightly mail,
That turbaned brow so proud and pale
Were better helmeted; the fire
In those gray eyes is from the pyre
Of joy consumed—a burning ire
Beneath the ashes of keen pain.
He stands a moment—then a strain
Escapes his lips—a Turkish air
Low sung, but marvelous sweet and clear.
It floats up to the palace walls,
And on the wondering ear it falls
Of one who on a divan lies
With weary anguish in her eyes,
Mocking the roses in her hair,
The pearls that make her neck more fair,
The robe, whose gem-embroidered zone
Only a favored slave may own;
She hears that song in Turkish sung,

But that was never Turkish tongue,
'Tis the Greek accent; quick the blood
Stains her white cheek—shame's burning flood.
Oh, wild despair—that tune, that air,
She would fly from it—did she dare!
But still its music chains her ear.

“ Myrrha, the sun has left the sky,
Come with the light of thy dark eye,
Come, oh, come.
Myrrha, there's sorrow in the sea,
I want thy voice's melody;
Come with thy tones, the pure, the free,
And bid these maddening visions flee,
Come, oh, come.”

Yes, it is his, 'tis Otho's voice.
Once it had made each pulse rejoice,
But now!—Yet still her step it draws
Out to the balcony—there, a pause—
One quick look down, her eager eyes
Have pierced at once the Turk's disguise.
Whiter she grows beneath his gaze—
Her young Greek lover of old days—
Days ere the Turk's red, pitiless hand
Had torn her from her native land,
The blazing ruins of her home,
And caged her here, beneath this dome,
That is to her a living grave,
To be the Sultan's toy and slave,
To bear caresses from the hand
Red with the life-blood of her land;
To feel that hand's relentless power
Closing around her hour by hour,
Despite her prayers and struggles, till

It crushes hope and strength and will,
And leaves her like a dove whose wings
Scarce shudder in the serpent's rings.

Ah! who that comes within these walls,
Where subtle sin enwinds, inthralls,
Where music, perfume, luxury all
Bear the lulled spirit to its fall,
Where the drugged cup that white hands fill
Is handmaid to the tyrant's will,
While subtler poison steeps the mind—
“Who enters here, leaves hope behind.”

Her life within these walls!—in gleams
It flashes on her like the dreams
Born of wine-fevered blood, and brings
A stab of keenest shame; she wrings
Her jeweled hands, “Why came you here?”
She falters with white lips, and clear
The answer floats up to her ear:
“I came to find you and to save.”
“Too late—you find me in my grave.
Dead to myself, to Greece, to you,
It is too late to chide or sue,
Go, leave me to my doom; the air
Is full of danger, heed my prayer
And fly at once, even now some spy
May mark you with his deadly eye
A victim for the Sultan's power;
Go!”

“Not without you. Oh! my flower,
The storm has stained my bird whose breast
The tiger's claw has torn; attest,
Ye listening stars, that rather I

Would brave the tyrant's rage and die
Than leave her whom I loved in youth,
Whom still I love through wrong and ruth,
Whose stains my lips shall kiss away,
Whose wrongs my sword with blood shall pay
When dawns that now impending day
That whelms the Turk in bloody fray."

He pleaded, while the light grew pale
And glimmered on his far-off sail,
Pleaded till to her eyes there came
A flash of hope's long-quenchèd flame
Shining albeit through a tear.
She spoke, "At midnight, then, be here,
And I will come—but oh, I fear
The most for you. Greece claims your life,
Let her, not Myrrha, be your wife,
Unworthy—" "Hush," he cried, "'tis well,
'Tis promised; when the midnight bell
Sounds its first stroke I will be nigh
To save you or with you to die."

* * * * *

Twelve times the mighty bell that hung
Within the mosque's high dome has swung.
The night is dark, the moon is new,
Yet Otho to his trust is true.
His boat waits by the palace wall,
His ear has caught a light footfall,
A murmured word, his heart grows warm,
His arms upreach to clasp the form
That softly from the casement swings,
Why does its touch a shudder bring?
He folds it in a quick embrace,
His warm lips press the unanswering face

So cold—! He tears the hood away,
The form he holds is senseless clay.
The staring eyes, the parted lips
Show life has suffered fierce eclipse
By murderer's hand; the pearls still deck
In milky loveliness her neck.
But what is this—that tighter yet
Clasps the round throat? with blood 'tis wet!
The fatal bow-string! Ah, just Heaven!
He knows by whom her doom was given;
The despot's spies had seen, had heard!
With madness all his soul is stirred;
Seizing the rope that lowered the dead,
He scales the wall; the turbaned head
Of mocking watcher cleaves he there
With his strong arm and saber bare.
They fly in fear, he follows fast,
The hall of royal state is passed,
The Sultan's chamber reached at last;
But at its door a hireling horde
With thickset bayonets guard their lord;
And Otho, pierced by many a blade,
Falls ere his full revenge is stayed—
Falls in the blood his sword has made.

And the Bosphorus moans above
The young Greek soldier and his love.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

THE SQUIRE'S LAST RIDE.

[This poem first appeared anonymously in Charles Dickens' "All the Year Round," September 18, 1869. Its author was Edwin Waugh, of Manchester. It created marked attention, both in England and America, as illustrating the truth of the old adage that "the ruling passion is strong in death." It became one of Miss Charlotte Cushman's most famous recitations, and after the death of Miss Cushman it was adopted by Murdock, Vandenhoff, Burbank and others.]

'T WAS a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottom-
less pit;
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down
In the meadows beyond the old flour-mill, where you turn
off to the town.

And the rain—how it did rain!—dashing the window-glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the devil had come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as if they would
never give o'er.

Lor', how the windows rattled! You'd almost ha' thought
that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters; while a ceaseless pelt of
leaves
Flew at the door in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Calling so loud I knew it at once; it was up to a tall man's
neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of
fire,

And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practicing for the
choir;
But it sounded dismal, the anthem did, for squire was dying
fast;
And the doctor said, do what he would, "Squire's breaking
up at last."

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked just over th' owd
man's head,
Though it had never been heard up there since master's
boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's tune, was the stirring in
the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd
walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that
he was near,
And the chill rain, and the wind, and cold, made us all
shake with fear;
We listened to the clock upstairs, 'twas beating soft and
low,
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old squire's soul
would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire who dared write to his
wife?
He beat the Rads at Hinden town, I heard, in 'twenty-nine,
When every pail in market-place was brimmed with red
port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty years or
more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his father did afore;

And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
It made him fret, the doctor said, as't might do any one.

And when the young, sharp lawyer came to see him sign
his will,

Squire made me blow my horn outside, as we were going
to kill.

And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed
to do him good;

For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill
wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the
room

Where missus died, ten years ago when Lammastide shall
come;

I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;
Moreover, the town hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton town.

It might be two or half past two; the wind seemed quite
asleep;

Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer
fell,

When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret
bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty years, not since the
Luddite days;

Tom, he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house ablaze
Had sure not scared us half as much, so up and out we
ran—

I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable man.

“He's killed himself,” that's the idea that came into my
head;

I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowby was dead;
When all at once the door flew back, and he met us face to
face;
His scarlet cloak was on his back, and he looked like the
old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a
child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce
and wild;
“Saddle me Lightning Bess, my man,” that’s what he said
to me;
“The moon is up, we’re sure to find at Stop or Etterby.

“Get out the dogs; I’m well to-night, and young again,
and sound;
I’ll have a run once more before they put me under ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall
be said
That his son, Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his
bed.

“Brandy,” he said, “a tumbler full, you women howling
there;”
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray
hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip; though he
was old and weak,
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard
Bourne;
I buckled Lightning’s throat-latch fast; the squire was
watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself, so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and ere I well could
mount,

He drove the yard-gate open, man, and called to old Dick
Blount—

Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading, like a flood of flame, fast up into his
brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing
he was gone;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old squire's parting
shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail,
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half-way down the
vale.

I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him
back;

And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old
pack.

'Twas like a dream; Tom cried to me, as we rode free and
fast,

Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be
passed,

For it was swollen with the rain. But, Lord, 'twas not to
be;

Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast
of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got
her stride;

She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side.

We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill; and as we stood us
there,
Two fields beyond we saw the squire fall stone dead from
the mare.

Then she swept on, and, in full cry, the hounds went out
of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon, and something dimmed
our light,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under
breath.
And that's the way I saw old squire ride boldly to his
death.

THE LITTLE GIRL UNDER THE SNOW.

THEY are all asleep—each curl-swept head
Rests on its pillow white;
I have stolen around to each little bed
Again and again to-night.
And now as I sit in my old arm-chair,
In the fire-light's golden glow,
My heart will go, in its mute despair,
To the little girl under the snow.

I dare not look on the world to-night;
I hear the loud winds roar;
I know the drifts are deep and white
Around my cottage door.
I bend again o'er each little bed,
And hear the breathing low
Of my sleeping babes—but, oh! the dead—
The little girl under the snow!

—LOUISE CHETWOOD.

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
 'Way down in Lou'sianny,
 And all the teaching that he had
 Was given by his granny.
 But he did his duty ever
 As well as you, it may be;
 With faithfulness and pride always,
 He minded missus' baby.
 He loved the counsels of the saints,
 And, sometimes, those of sinners—
 To run off 'possum hunting, and
 Steal "water-million" dinners.
 And fervently at meetin', too,
 On every Sunday night,
 He'd with the elders shout and pray
 By the pine-knots' flaring light,
 And sing their rudest melodies,
 With voice so full and strong,
 You could almost think he learned them
 From the angels' triumph song.

SONG.

" We be nearer to de Lord
 Dan de white folks—and dey knows it.
 See de glory-gate unbarred!
 Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
 Bet you dollar he won't close it!

" Walk in, darkies, troo de gate;
 Hear de kullered angels holler!
 Go 'way, white folks, you're too late:

We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,
His granny's favorite one,

Was, "Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick! shut de do';
Get up off dat flo';
Come here and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood:
The river rose, a torrent swol'n
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda;
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of ax and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cord of rope;
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!

“ *You, Jawge Washington*
 Thomas Jefferson
 Persimmons Henry Clay, be
 Quick on dat raf’!
 Don’t star’ like a calf,
 But take good cah ob de baby!’”

The frothing river lifted them
 Out on its turbid tide;
And for awhile they floated on
 Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
 The frail raft snapped in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
 Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
 Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child’s voice singing in the dark
 Upon the water’s waste—
A song of faith and triumph,
 Of Moses and the Lord;
And, throwing out a coil of rope,
 They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
 Persimmons wandered through,
“ *A-totin’ ob der baby,”* and
 Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
 Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
 Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes;
 Persimmons “ ‘lowed he’d spile ’em:”

So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sung beside the fountain in
The crowded city park—
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:

SONG.

“Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away:
De chilleren dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe way.
Oh, Lord! *I feel so glad!*
It am always dark fo' day;
So, honey, don't yer be sad:
DE SEA'LL GIVE WAY.”

A lady dressed in mourning
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow
That was walking by her side
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried:

“You, *Jawge Washington*
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick, splain yourself, chile;
Stop dat ar fool smile!
Whar you done been wid baby?”—S. M.

UNCLE JOHN ON A TOBOGGAN.

WELL, Jeemes, so this is what you call
A swell toboggan suit,
And that high, icy scaffold there
Is the new chain-lightnin' Shoot.
When I was young, horse-blankets
Was not thought just the thing
To dress up in for company
In winter, fall or spring.

Jeewillikins! it takes my breath
To climb up them ere stairs;
Oh! you needn't tilt your nose at me,
Or put on City airs,
If I ain't dressed like a Russian,
I guess *I've* slid down hill
Before you were born. I couldn't be beat
Down in Old Staffordsville.

And I remember mighty well
How, on each winter night,
When the snow was crusted thick with ice,
And the moon was shinin' bright,
We'd take our sweethearts and a sleigh
And go up Chestnut Hill,
And shoot like lightnin' down the road,
Across old Big Pond rill.

So that 'ere crooked piece of board
Is what you claim to ride;
See here, you can't fool me, my boy;
That derved thing wouldn't slide.

If it only had two runners now,
It's speed *might* be first-rate;
But, as it is, I'd 's 'lieve ride down
Upon a barn-yard gate.

I *dassent* take a slide, you say!
Look here, boy—you take care;
I don't come from a family
That ever took a dare.
If Jeemes will take the drag rope
And draw me down the slide,
If it don't take so long I'll freeze,
Why, I *will* try a ride.

See here, I'm bossing this here job,
I guess you'll quickly see;
I'll put my feet just where I please—
You can't toboggan me.
Well, yes; I guess I'm ready now
To take the little run;
So, boys, good-bye until I come
Some other day for fun.

Say, Jeemes, how 'tarnal slick it starts;
Why, the blamed board *can* go—
Hold on! hold on! Reverse the thing.
Oh, murder! help! hallo.

It is needless to say the old gentleman slid down the Shoot at the rate of 140 miles a minute. On account of his feet not being rightly placed the toboggan took an angle to the right, flopped over and caused Uncle John to turn seventeen summer—or rather winter—saults, and bring up in a big drift sixteen rods away. When he got his head above the snow and his right arm free he resumed conversation, as follows:

Tobog the bogged toboggan shoot—
The toboggan itself;

Tobog the man that invented
 A-ridin' on a shelf;
 Tobog my skin for makin'
 Myself this howlin' show;
 What's that you say?
 You're mighty right;
 The 'tarnal board *did* go.

—*Unknown.*

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HIGH AND LOW.

A HINT of spring was in the air;
 The clouds that slept so calmly fair
 Had waked and spread wild wings of gloom;
 And now, the thunder's heavy boom
 Rolled above—as though from the tomb
 Of the buried Spring had been rolled the stone,
 Setting her free in loosened zone
 To dance down to her waiting throne—
 Down on the silver stairs of the rain.

So I said to one who stood at my side;
 But his eyes grew dark with a sudden pain
 That his lips were closely pressed to hide.

I knew his mood; I did not speak;
 The lightning played on his granite cheek.
 Then he turned and said, "The thunder's bell
 From yon turret cloud—it was a spell
 That summoned a memory. Oh! it is not
 Anything worth the while to tell—
 A little rift in a cloudy lot,
 Darkening soon and half forgot;

But that peal has rent the mists away
And flashed it back, fresh as that day
Ten years ago—a day like this—
The valley was flushed with Spring's first ~~kiss~~,
But the heights, yet clothed in winter snow,
Stood cold and white against the glow
Of a sunset, whose wild wealth of cloud
Darkened, as now, for the Evening's shroud.

‘ She had climbed the heights. She stood on a ledge
Of jutting rock—at its very edge—
A lonely figure, dark and slight
Against the sky's red, stormy light,
So lost in thought that she saw not me
As I stole from the gloom of a cedar-tree
And crept so near that a curl was blown
Back from her cheek, and touched my own.

‘ Sudden the Tempest's cloudy tent
By the lightning's fiery sword was rent;
A deep peal startled the world of white
And echoed round from each solemn height.
She started at the first burst of sound,
And close at her feet the treacherous ground
Gave way and crashed down the rocky steep.
But she is safe—safe in the round
Of my clasping arms; while the echoes leap
From crag to crag. I hold her there,
With my cheek against her silken hair,
One breathless moment; then she stands,
Pale—and parts with trembling hands
Back from her brow the blinding hair.
Her lips seem shaping,—‘ How did you dare!’
But her eyes a gentler speech declare;
Her color comes fluttering and warm,

She murmurs thanks and speeds away
Swiftly, to 'scape the gathering storm,
Or the stormy words that my lips might say."

"And you never said them?" "No, not I;
They were exhaled in one bitter sigh;
I was lowly and she was high—
As they sung last night at the 'Pinafore';
I plowed the fields of her father's lands,
She could watch me from her mansion's door.
"Work's hard callouses marked *my* hands,
Her fingers sparkled with jeweled bands;

But the years bring changes, and to-day
She would not hold it shame, I think,
That her head on my breast one moment lay,
When I snatched her from the crumbling brink
I have won a name—so the world will say,
As in this free land a strong will may."

"And she—have you seen her?"
"Yes; last night
She sung in the chorus. All in white,
Like an angel, but no angel she;
The painted cheek, the restless eye,
They told a story sad to me.
(In the midst of the mirth you heard me sign)
I thought of the proud old father, dead;
The home in ruins, the riches fled;
The daughter wed where her heart was not,
Hating her poverty-narrowed lot;
Flying at last to ease and shame,
Lured by a treacherous passion-flame,
To hear through remorseful years the cry
Of the little child she had left to die.

(I heard that cry through the opera's trill,
 But I swear, though I met her conscious eye,
 And saw her smile till my blood ran chill,
 I never recalled the moment when
 I held her close on the snowy hill,
 While the Spring's first lightning lit the glen.
 No—not till now, when that thunder's bell
 Summoned it up, like a wizard's spell;
 Do you wonder it seemed to me a knell?"

—MARY E. BRYAN.

EILEEN'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning,
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting,
 Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting:
 "Eileen, asthore, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
 Sprightly and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden, singing:
 "What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Cooleen'?"
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love,
 And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love,

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove, while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly and lightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steps up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns on her drowsy grandmother;
Puts one foot on the stool, swings the wheel with the other;
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings;
Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings.
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are
roving.

—JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

THEY bow at the end of the lancers,
And turn to the fairest of all;
"Shall we sigh in vain for a ballad?"
They say to the belle of the ball.

Then a hush falls over the dancers—
A hush, they know not why—
And she seems like one who is dreaming
As she sweeps them slowly by.

The smile so lately wreathing
Her lips of tenderest red

Is gone; and the restless glitter
That shone from her eye has fled.

Over the harp-strings bending,
She sings an old love-song;
And the dancers gather around her,
A gay and thoughtless throng.

“What a wonderful depth of feeling!”
They whisper, and start with surprise;
She sings, unheeding the murmur,
With a far-away look in her eyes.

She thinks of a gallant trooper
Who sailed to a foreign strand;
Her eyes are dim for a lover
Who died in a distant land.

Her thoughts drift over the billow;
She kneels by a lowly grave,
Where the tall reeds thrill and quiver,
And the slender palm-trees wave.

She sees the black bat flitting
Beneath the moon’s pale light;
She hears the wind low sobbing,
And dying away in the night.

Lo! these are the voices and visions
That haunt the belle of the ball,
Filling the room with echoes,
And floating across the hall.

The lips of the dancers gayly
Bubble with praises; but, oh!
’Twas the wail of a heart that is breaking
They had heard—but they did not know.

—Anon.

AT RATISBON.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away,
On a little mound Napoleon
Stood, on our storming day.
With neck out-thrust—you fancy how;
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the proud brow,
Oppressive of the mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused, “My plans
That soar to earth may fall;
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall—”
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping, nor bridle drew,
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through—
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon;
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his wings,
 Where I to heart's desire
 Perched him." The Chief's eye flashed—his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed, but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye,
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.
 "You're wounded?" "Nay," his soldier pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 "I'm killed, sire," and his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE GREEN GNOME.

RING, sing; ring, sing, pleasant Sabbath bells!
 Chime, rhyme; chime, rhyme, through dales and dells.
 And I galloped, and I galloped on my palfrey white as milk,
 My robe was of the sea-green woof, my sash was of the silk;
 My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe;
 My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew;
 My palfrey never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
 With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I
 went.
 And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and
 play,
 Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away.
 And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
 I saw the green gnome sitting with his cheek upon his hand.
 Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and
 bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the
ground.

Oh, crimson—crimson were his locks; his face was green
to see,

And he cried: “Oh, light-haired lassie, you are bound to
marry me.”

He clasped me round the middle small—he kissed me on
the cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice; I could not stir or
speak.

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice, but when he kissed
again

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing; ring, ring, pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, rhyme; chime, rhyme through dales and dells.

Oh, faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray—

So faintly, faintly, faintly rung the sweet bells far away.

And as I named the blessed name, as in our need we can,

The ugly green, green gnome became a tall and comely
man—

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were
black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;

A pensive light from fairy-land yet lingered on his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he began to
speak:

“Oh, you have cast away the charm my step-dame put
on me,

Seven years I’ve dwelt in fairy-land and you have set me free.

Oh! I will mount thy palfrey white and ride to kirk with
thee,

And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be.”

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,

The autumn leaves were dropping red and yellow in the
wind,

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high
and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud;
And we saw the kirk before us as we trotted o'er the fells,
And nearer, clearer o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells,
Ring, sing; ring, sing, pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme; chime, rhyme, through dales and dells.

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM IN CHURCH.

THE sermon was long and the preacher was prosy,
The cushion was soft and the corner was cozy;

And, musing, I knew,
By my side in the pew
Was a dear little face that was dimpled and rosy.

A stray bit of lace and the curl of a feather
Lay close to my cheek, and I didn't care whether
The service was long,
Or flirting was wrong
In a lonely back pew, as we knelt down together.

In reading the prayers, we had one book between us;
So sweet was her smile, that, had nobody seen us,
While bent on our knees
(Oh, how Cupid did tease!)
I had stolen a kiss, with the prayer-book to screen us.

In the oriel window the sunlight was gleaming,
In my drowsy brain I felt love fancies teeming;
Then my heart gave a thump—
But my head got a bump
On the back of the pew—I had only been dreaming.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

ONE cold day, near the Christmas-time,
I met a newsboy in the street;
An honest face, a jacket patched,
A pair of odd shoes on his feet.

Dodging about among the crowd,
Shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er;
Stopping to beat his stiffened hands,
Then trudging bravely as before.

At last he stopped, some papers left
Tucked hopelessly beneath his arm,
To eye a fruiterer's outspread store
With products from some country farm.

I touched his arm; he raised his cap,
Said "Papers, sir? 'World,' 'Herald,'
'Times'?"

And brushed away a freezing tear
That marked his cheek with frosty rimes.

"How many have you? Never mind;
Don't stop to count, I'll take them all;
And when you pass my office here,
With stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with his broad Scotch smile—
A look half wondering, half glad.
I fumbled for the proper change,
And said: "You seem a little lad

To rough it in the streets like this."

"I'm ten years old this Christmas-time."

“Your name?” “Jim Hanly.” “Here’s a bill;
I’ve nothing else but this one dime.

“Two dollars! When you get it changed,
Come to my office. That’s the place.
Now wait a bit; there’s time enough.
No need to run a headlong race.

“Where do you live?” “Most anywhere.
They let us in a loft to-day—
Me and my brother.” “So you thought
The fruiterer’s window pretty, hey?”

“Or were you hungry?” “Just a bit,”
He answered bravely as he might.

“I couldn’t buy a breakfast, sir,
For there was nothing left last night.”

“And aren’t you cold?” “Ay; just a bit.
I don’t mind cold.” “Why, that is strange.”
He smiled, and pulled his ragged cap,
And darted off to get the change.

So, with a half-unconscious sigh,
I sought my office desk again;
An hour or more my busy wits,
Found work enough with book and pen.

But when a neighboring clock struck five
I started up with sudden thought—
For there, beside my hat and cloak,
Lay those six papers I had bought.

“Why, where’s that boy? *And where’s the change*
He should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they’re all alike;
I was a fool to tempt him so.”

'Twas a day later that I sat,
Half dozing in my office-chair;
I heard a timid knock, and called,
In my brusque fashion, "Who is there?"

An urchin entered—barely eight—
The same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door,
Abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir—if you please—my brother, Jim—
The one you give the bill, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, sir,
Because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the change;
He got runned over in the street.
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

"They took him to the hospital;
One of the people knew 'twas Jim,
And I went, too—because, you see,
We'se just two brothers—me and him.

"He had that money in his hand,
But never saw it any more;
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal—
He never lost a cent before.

"He is afraid that you will think
He meant to keep it any way.
This money, when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here—
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad;

It's only fit to sell for rags;
But then, you know, 'twas all he had."

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab; then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand bills
And coats for such a boy as he!"

"A half hour after this we went
Together through the crowded wards.
The matron did not hush the steps
That fell too loudly on the boards.

I thought him quietly asleep,
And scarce believed her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled locks
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead."

Dead!—dead so soon? How fair he looked!
One streak of sunshine on his hair!
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven;
No need of "Change" or jackets there.

—H. H. R. HUDSON, in *Poems published by Osgood & Co.*

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary; say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old—but add—
Jenny kissed me.

—LEIGH HUNT.

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THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS.

- “HARK! Meeta, how the sea sobs—
It moans like a dying child;
And the gulls fly low and shriek aloud,
And the sky grows yet more wild.
- “It was still awhile ago,
And the sea scarce drew its breath;
But now I hear afar the roar
Of the storm that threatens death.
- “And our father is gone in his boat.
Why would he go out to-day?
And why did he groan and mutter a curse
And tear his locks of gray?
- “Sure he did not curse *you*, Meeta—
He always loved you so;
He said you'd a look of mother
In your eyes of star-like glow.
- “You shiver, you tremble, my sister—
You are white as yon foam-capped wave
That rolls in first to tell of the flood
That may be will be our grave.
- “It is not through fear you tremble—
Your heart is stout, I know.
When the good ship struck and parted,
And sunk in the billow's flow,
- “You launched the boat with father,
And you held a steady oar;

And you saved the fair-haired stranger
And brought him with you to shore.

“The smiling, sweet-voiced stranger—
He was beautiful as the day,
But I could not like him, Meeta—
I was glad when he went away;

“For I missed our old walks, sister,
On the shore with twilight dim;
You walked our path of cedars,
But you went alone with him—

“Not to the grave of our mother,
Where we used to go to pray.
I knelt there sad and lonely,
And prayed for you every day.

“At last, in the purple summer,
The stranger sailed from shore,
And he kissed your lips and whispered
That he would come back once more.

“And you waited, watching seaward,
Day after day in vain,
With your face so white and smileless—
He never came again.

“You weave your rushen baskets
All day in the olden place,
And I see our father watch you,
With a shadow on his face.

“And I pray for you in sorrow,
With fear I can not speak,
For your eye grows wild and woful,
And a pallor blights your cheek.

- “What is it ails you, Meeta,
That it's so long since you've smiled?
Tell your sister, your pet, your baby—
The Mabel you call your child;
- “Tell me, and I will pray to Mary—”
“Hush!—call not that holy name!
Child, what should you know of wild remorse—
What should you know of shame?
- “Poor child! by the innocent wonder
That looks from your wide, blue eyes,
I know that you guess not the burden
That upon my spirit lies.
- “But pity me, pity me, Mabel,
For a storm rules in my heart
Fiercer than this wild tempest
That tosses the boughs apart.
- “You remember that wild gray morning
After the Easter storm,
When we found in the Rocky Inlet
A naked human form,
- “A corpse that the waves were tossing
On the sharp rocks to and fro,
While the cormorant shrieked above it
And the vulture circled slow.
- “Ever thus my soul is chafing
In a sea of bitter woe,
And remorse preys on it fiercely,
And shame swoops on it slow.
- “He knew *all*, this wretched morning—
Our father old and gray,

And madly he faced the tempest
That was gathering over the bay.

“The look of his eyes would haunt me
In the regions of the lost,
As he stood, his gray locks blowing,
As rigid as any ghost.

“Kiss me once, my little sister—
Pray for my lost soul—pray.
I am going; the storm is rising,
And dark shuts the lid of day.

“I shall find our father, and bear him
Over the breakers wild;
In his old age one shall cheer him—
Mabel, his youngest child.

“Yonder my boat is rocking
Through the mists of driving rain;
I go to save my father,
But I shall not come again.”

—MARY E. BRYAN.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard—and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every miss
But me has got a Beau;
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun,
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double-knocks
That come to Number Four;
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue at Number Two
Calls daily like a dun;
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go on the balcony,
Which she has never done—
The acts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mr. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son,
But, law! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.

There's Mr. Wick, at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf;
And though he's pious will not love
His neighbor as himself.

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon.

Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun;
We can not always have a flue
On fire at Number One.

I am not old; I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun,
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One.

—HOOD.

THE LOVER BOUND FOR WAR.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy sweet breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee half so much,
Loved I not honor more.

—RICHARD LOVELACE.

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THE COMMITTEE ON PLATFORMS.

A ONE-ACT COMEDY.

SCENE—MRS. OLD GOLD'S *parlor*. *Present when the curtain rises* MRS. OLD GOLD, MISS BLONDINE FRIZETTE, MRS. EARNEST and MISS GOLIGHTLY, *all talking at once*. *To them enter* MRS. PATTY PLUSH, *President of the Women's Rights Convention, followed meekly by her husband carrying her umbrella, fan, overshoes, etc.*

MRS. P. P.

Oh, dear! I've walked so fast—say, rather, ran!
I'm melting. Plushy, give me quick my fan.
It's quite too bad to make you ladies wait;
In such a cause, I'm sure none should be late.
I really meant to be in time to-night;
I dressed so fast, I know I'm quite a fright.

MRS. EARNEST (*aside to* MISS GOLIGHTLY.)

My! I should say she spent two hours
At least in pinning on those flowers.

MISS G.

No; I should say it was her hair.
Even Blondine's wig is beaten there.
She's had it auburnized; 'twas—

MRS. E.

Hush! She's giving last orders to her Plush.

MR. P. (*timidly*.)

And if the baby wakes and cries, my dear?

MRS. P. P.

Get up and walk it—quiet it, that's clear.

MR. P.

But if to quiet it I am not able?

MRS. P. P.

There's Slimmen's Soothing Syrup on the table.
Set the bread sponge to rise; cut up the mutton
For breakfast chops, and don't forget that button
To sew on Harry's shirt. Sit up for me;
Be sure to have me a nice cup of tea.
I will be back—somewhere 'twixt twelve and three.
[*Exit Plush.*]

MRS. P. P.

Dear me! Men are so tiresome! What a life
One leads when one consents to be a wife!
It is a life of trial.

MISS GOLIGHTLY (*to herself, fervently.*)

I'd like to try it gladly—

MRS. P. P.

But, ladies, I have taxed your patience sadly.
Pray pardon me; for I've still kept in view
Our present aim—that platform has been due
Too long. I've planned to get the business through.
Who knows young Ward-Vote? You?—you?—you?
(*to the others.*)

MRS. OLD GOLD (*doubtfully.*)

My husband says—

MRS. P. P. (*scornfully.*)

Indeed, my dear,
Men's judgments are not wanted here.

Woman, for centuries kept down
By man, the tyrant's lordly frown,
Denied the blessed right to vote,
Condemned to wear a petticoat,
And taught that she was made for man,
Is going to change creation's plan,
And tell man: "I'm as good as you—
And, for that matter, better, too."

MRS. E.

I've met young Ward-Vote. Wears long hair,
And at the primaries takes the chair?

MRS. P. P.

The same—and, to speak truth, my dear,
That's why I chose to ask him here.

MISS BLONDINE FRIZETTE.

A *man* come here! Don't tell me that!
And I in this old awful hat.

*(Rushes to the mirror, and bends and unbends her hat
into several shapes, while the rest titter scornfully.)*

MRS. P. P. *(goes on.)*

Yes; a man here. Why shouldn't he be?
To men belongs all drudgery.
And though I doubt not woman could do it,
Were mind or muscles hardened to it,
What is the use, when men are ready
To do whatever'll please a lady.
So Ward-Vote's coming here to-night
That tiresome platform thing to write.

MRS. E.

How dare you trust a man that way?
Who knows what he may make us say?

MRS. P. P.

Who cares? For platforms, as we know,
Are things but gotten up for show;
And what they say 's no matter quite,
Provided it be written right.
That I can't do. I'd get involved
In "wherefore," "whereas," and "resolved,"
And flounder like a fish on land.

MISS GOLIGHTLY.

Pray, madame, do I understand—

(*Enter WARD-VOTE, speaking.*)

Ladies, most happy to be here.
This sight is one the heart to cheer
Of him who loves his country true;
For women will, and women do
Not like our slow and halting sex,
Who stop to ponder and perplex
O'er quibble fine and legal flaw,
And suffer wrong for sake of law.
Woman will change all this. The time
Is ripe—and in her march sublime—

MRS. P. P.

Dear Mr. Ward-Vote, pray excuse
Me; but, please tell us what's the news?

W.

Madame, I can't my mind abuse;
I make a point to hear no news.
But, here—to make my peace with you—
Is something quite entirely new.

(*Puts a roll of paper tied with blue ribbon and highly perfumed in her hand.*)

MRS. P. P.

The platform—written!—oh, you dear!

We are so glad to have you here!

(*Enter MISS LILY FLOWER, who starts back on seeing
WARD-VOTE.*)

MRS. P. P. (*continues.*)

And here's that darling Lily Flower!
Child, you are late—at least an hour;
But yet in time. Now be quite still
All, while I read we women's will.

MISS GOLIGHTLY.

We women's *won't*, you'd better say.
I'm sure my feelings run that way.

MISS FRIZETTE (*aside to LILY FLOWER.*)

For all that, I would hate to be
The man that asked "Wilt marry me?"

(*MRS. P. P., after running her eye over two thirds of the
paper, reads delightedly.*)

"Now be it resolved: That American women
Henceforward should claim equal share of all boons
Accorded humanity—rights, privileges;
Pay, pockets, wine, latch-keys—very soon—pantaloon."
You wicked creature! Well, I never!
That's just too cute—you are so clever!

W.

I'm glad, indeed, that pleases you.
Read on.

MRS. P. P.

No need; I know 'twill do,

And we're as grateful as can be,
And won't forget you—as you'll see.

W.

I hope not, ladies. Unkind fate
Has made of me a candidate—

ALL.

Why *can't* we vote?

W.

Your husbands can.

MRS. P. P.

They shall support you—to a man.

W.

Thanks. Meantime—

MRS. P. P.

What?

W.

Support I crave
In different form—indeed must have—

MRS. P. P. (*angrily.*)

What do you mean?

W.

My meaning's plain.
But calm yourself, and I'll explain.
The resolutions that I brought
For twenty dollars couldn't be bought
If I were dealing with coarse men.
You ladies, though, may pay me ten.

MRS. P. P.

Ten dollars? What! Now, did you ever?

MISS F.

Never!

MRS. E.

Never!

MISS GOLIGHTLY.

Never!

Miss L.

Never!

MRS. P. P.

You call yourself a man, yet ask
Ten dollars for your petty task—
A thing you did almost by rote,
From women, too! If we could vote
You wouldn't dare to treat us so.
Sir, for the present, you may go.

W.

Give me the paper, and I will.

MRS. P. P.

I won't that. Now present your bill.
Try at the law your claim to push;
There you'll meet *Mr.*—Patty Plush.

(Putting the paper in a drawer as she speaks. WARD-VOTE slips behind her, snatches it, and runs off, saying):

Poor man! he has my pity quite;
So-long, old girl; good-night, good-night.

MRS. P. P. *(screams.)*

That shocking brute! Hush! I say; hush!
Oh, where—oh, where is Patty Plush?

(Enter MR. PLUSH.)

MR. P.

Why, bless my soul! what is the matter?
Your noise is worse than blackbird chatter.

MRS. P. P. (*sobbing.*)

That villain, Ward-Vote. Take me home.

[*They go out.*]

MRS. E.

Well, really!—I— What next will come?

MISS B. F. (*aside to MISS GOLIGHTLY.*)

Husbands for us, I hope, my dear;
We're both well past the twentieth year.

MRS. E.

The platform! Say, what shall be done?

MRS. OLD GOLD.

If you'll accept it, here is one.

[*Reads.*]

“ Resolved it is the woman's right,
For which all woman-hearts are yearning,
To sit within the hearth-fire's light,
And keep it clear and brightly burning.
To know the kiss of baby lips;
The touch of dimpled finger-tips;
And, shielded safe from rude alarms,
To cradle heaven within her arms;
And, shrined within some true man's breast,
Find peace and joy and heavenly rest.”

—CHEROKEE.

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared,

Before them all in the palace-hall the lying king to beard.
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverent guise,

But ever and anon he frowned and flame broke from his eyes.

“A curse upon thee!” cries the king, “who comest unbid to me.

But what from traitor's blood could spring, save traitors like to thee;

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart, perchance our champion brave

May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.”

“Whoever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,”

Cries Bernardo, “here my gage I fling before *the liar's* feet.
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie,
Before the throne what knight will own the coward calumny.

“The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves to France;
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Ronceval,
Your words, lord king, are recompense abundant for it all.

“Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;

But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's
bloody fate.

“Ye swore, upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho
free,
But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did
see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base
decree,
And visage blind and stiffened limb were all they gave to
me.

“The king that swerveth from his word hath stained the
purple black,
No Spanish lord will draw his sword behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show,
The king hath injured Carpio's life, and Bernard is his
foe.”

“Seize! seize him!” loud the king doth scream, “there are
a thousand here,
Let his foul blood this instant stream! what, caitiffs, do
you fear?
Seize! seize the traitor,” but not one to move a finger dareth,
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he
bareth.

He drew the falchion from its sheath, and held it up on
high,
And all the hall was still as death; cries Bernard, “Here
am I!
And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven
and me,
Fain would I know who dares its point! king, condé, or
grandee?”

Then to his mouth his horn he drew, it hung below his
 cloak,
His ten good men the signal knew, and through the ring
 they broke.
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the
 circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to
 quake.

“Ha, Bernard,” quoth Alphonso, “what means this war-
 like guise,
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize.”
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed away,
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
 And down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home.
They live on crispy pan-cakes
 Of yellow tide-foam.
Some in the reeds,
 Near the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He's so old and gray now,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journey
From Slieveleague to Rosses.

Or going up with music,
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay northern lights.
They stole little Midget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thorns set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men.
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together,
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LORRAINE LORREE.

“ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
 You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
 To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run
 for me.

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.”

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
 “I can not ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
 And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee;
 He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill
 me?”

“Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,
 Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
 And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank
 for me,

It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;

But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she!—

And she kept him straight, and won the race, as near as near could be;

But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!—for all the world to see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

ALL alone in my room at last—

I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be far when the night is past—

And so would I, if I knew but how.

How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,

She is queenlier far than we village girls;

There were roses, too, in her wreath, I guess

'Twas they made the crimson among her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,

Her heart is gentle as any dove's;

She'll be all that she can to him alway—

(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves!)

How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—*mine* are *blue*—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace!)
Her hands are white, and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again;
I'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lightning and rain.
They're going to cross the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
(Did I have my comb a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are).
When ships are wrecked do people drown?
Is there never a boat to save her crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.
Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!
The light of my candle is almost done—
(How I wish that my bed were in mother's room)
How calm it looks in the midnight shade.
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're almost too white for me. I'm afraid—
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.
Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast.
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray:
Oh, God! protect him from every ill,
And make her worthier every day—
The older the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry!)
I have kept the tears in my soul too long.
Oh, let me say it, or I shall die!

As Heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.
 He never shall hear from this secret room,
 He never shall know in the after years
 How seventeen summers of happy bloom
 Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.

—*Unknown.*

HOG-KILLIN' TIME.

You kin talk 'bout yer watermellion red as any rose,
 Wid de rin' jes' as green as any grass;
 An' de black seeds a-stickin' in de pulp lik' crows—
 But gimme de shoat an' apple-sass.
 Fur yer mellion so scrump'shus I wouldn' gib a dime,
 But how dis nigga's wishin' fur de hog-killin' time!

You kin argy 'bout yer buckwheat cakes, an' butter mighty
 hot,
 An' 'bout de tas' ob chickens on de spit;
 You kin preach 'bout yer 'possum when you lif' him f'm
 de pot—
 But yer talk doan' alterfy de t'ing a bit.
 You kin put it in de reg'lar way, or put it in de rhyme,
 Dat dis heah nigga's waitin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Jes' t'ink 'bout de puddin', an' de glorious tender chine,
 De sassidge, an' de hominy, an' dat;
 Reflec' upon de subjec' ob de spar'-ribs—my! dey's fine—
 An' talk 'bout de bacon lined wid fat.
 Dere's udder t'ings dat's mighty good, dere's meat dat's
 mighty prime,
 But golly! how I'se longin' fur de hog-killin' time!

—MORGAN-SMITH.

THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER.

THE men was away at the wild cat still,
When one of them artist chaps
Stopped at the cabin of Moonshiner Bill
And dropped on the porch his traps.
He asked for a drink of water—
It bein' a warmish day—
And when little Katie brought it,
He asked her to let him stay
And rest on the shady porch awhile,
And Kate, who never spoke ill,
Said "yes," with a smile, and never a thought
Of the hid-away mountain still.

Presently Moonshiner Bill came home,
And his gal, waitin' down by the gate,
Cried, "Dad, there's a nice-talkin' stranger
come;
Now, a kiss, please, for little Kate."
The artist riz to his feet and said:
"I'm sorry to so intrude;
But love of nature my steps have led
To this picturesque solitude."
Talk so peart and proper and fine
Sorter stunted old Bill,
And he dropped a jug of new moonshine
He had packed from the wild cat still.

The artist spy stayed day after day,
Sketchin' and actin' his part,

And when he left to go on his way
He carried off little Kate's heart.
She watched for his comin' soon and late,
As she turned her wheel and spun,
And the gray owl hooted "Who is true?"
And the frogs said, "Nary one."
But he came at last. One set of sun,
As she watched the road to the glen,
She saw him ride in his uniform
At the head of the Government men.

She thought that his solemnly plighted vows
He had made to break at will,
And with flashin' eyes she left the house
To signal the men at the still.
She ran like a deer; but the cavalry men
Charged the still at a rattlin' gait,
And when she reached the head of the glen
She knew she had come too late;
For some were captured, but Bill were game,
He stood his ground on the hill
Till they pressed him close, then when he run
'Twas cussing' and fitin' still.

"After him, men!" the captain cried,
And he dashed down the ravine's bed;
"We'll prove his boastin' threat is a lie—
We'll take him alive or dead."
At this Bill halted, cocked his gun,
Drewed a sure bead, bound to shoot
The man a-comin' down that ravine
In deadly and close pursuit.
That man never seed his bush-hid foe
Till Kate leaped down the rock,
And sprung to meet that leaden death.
Her heart stopped the bullet's shock.

She reeled and fell, and the man whose life
She saved at the cost of her own,
Cried, "God of heaven! My darling Kate!"
And dropped on his knees with a groan.
From the rocky ground he raised her head;
Her blue eyes shone with bliss.
She smiled on him as she faintly said:
"I'm dyin'—for you—one kiss."
Then the lovin' light that filled her eyes
Grew dim, and the angel, Peace,
Stooped from the shinin' world beyond,
And gave her spirit release.

DJINNS.

A GOOD VOICE EXERCISE.

HARK! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night;
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst

Oh, God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright.

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like a quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—
Oh, Heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek;
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house, as though like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

Oh, Prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful mutterings still;
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal.

—VICTOR HUGO.

A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

SHE'D a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus, and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques, and
the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the
victuals that they gnawed;

She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Brahma,
and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that
they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants, and the master minds of
science, all the learning that was turning in the burn-
ing mind of man,

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry
sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor, vor-
acious papa, for she never was constructed on the old
domestic plan.

—*Lynn Union.*

NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S RECITATION.

A GIRL will sing and a girl will dance,
And a girl will work crochet,
But a girl can't throw and hit a church,
For she isn't built that way.

A girl may flirt and a girl may sport,
A girl may go to the play,
But she'll not ride a bicycle into port,
For she isn't built that way.

A girl will powder, a girl will paint,
And keep it up day by day,
But she'll not have hip pockets in her pants,
For she isn't built that way.

The girls may do this, and the girls may do that,
May be happy, cross, jolly, or gay,
But they all get married when they get a good chance,
Because they are built that way.

CIRCE.

THE prime of summer is coming, and with it there comes
to-day

A thought of another summer, whose garlands have faded
away;

The tall laburnums are covered with tresses of yellow flowers,
As they were when under their shadows you used to loiter
for hours;

And the blackberry's starry blossoms, and the buttercup's
chalice of gold

Bloom bright in the ancient forest where you loved to wan-
der of old;

Where you loved to wander at even, but wandered never
alone,

For a manly form was beside you, and a voice of manly
tone

Told ever the olden story, the tale that you know so well,
You seemed to think it the only one it was worth man's
while to tell.

Come, sit ye down and listen, I have many things to say,
And though I am loath to blame you, yet pity I surely may.
Ay, ay, you wince! I fancy you had rather have blame in-
stead;

Oh, girl, will you never learn wisdom? I had hoped your
pride was dead.

But no, it will last and flourish—so do all vanities live—
So long as you hunger for worship, so long as your subjects
give.

It was strange he thought you loved him; it was strange
that he never knew

Your head, except by the shadows that others mistook for
you:

But you went well masked, and no one knew whether you
laughed or wept,
Knew aught of the secret chambers where your broken relics
were kept;
You hid them so very securely, the wisest had hardly
guessed
From your light-hearted tone and manner, your outward
seeming of rest,
That your heart was a drear Golgotha, where all the ground
was white
With the wrecks of joys that had perished, the skeletons of
delight.
He loved you, his soul was in earnest, at your dainty feet
he poured
The purest and best libations that human heart can afford;
He dreamed of you morn and even, he cherished the flowers
you gave,
And I tell you, though now they are withered, with him
they will go to the grave.
But with you how was it? You met him with marvelous
glances and smiles,
You wove your glittering meshes, you compassed him with
your wiles,
You sung the songs he had written, you talked in your
sweetest voice,
Till he thought his bondage was freedom, and wore your
fetters by choice.
Then a great joy flooded his spirit and the yellow laburnum
flowers
Heard wondrous vows and pledges in the dusk of the evening
hours;
While there in your heart, close hidden with jealousy's
watchful care,
Lay that strange Golgotha of passion which made all a
waste of despair.

'Tis well I know your story—I know that your first love
came

As of old came Jove to Semele, a splendid and fatal flame;
It left all your heart in ashes—dead ashes that cooled and
lay

A wearisome weight in your bosom, a burden to wear for
aye.

Since then you have shown no mercy to any that circle
around

The dangerous blaze of your beauty, for you no mercy had
found;

'Tis for this I offer you pity, and blame you not as I should
Had you still a heart that was human, with a human knowl-
edge of good;

But the glass of your life is darkened, and darkly through
it you see

Distorted and ghastly fragments of duty and destiny.

Yet you still can flirt and trifle, still live in folly and
mirth—

Ah! they say that revenge is sweeter than anything known
on earth;

But are there no better moments—better or are they worse?
When flattery loses its sweetness, and beauty becomes a
curse;

When you come from the world of pleasure, the whirl and
the glitter and glare,

The tattle instead of wisdom, the perfume instead of air;

When the hothouse garlands are withered and the gray
dawn breaks in the east,

And the wine grows stale in the goblets that shone so fair
at the feast;

When rouge hides paleness no longer, and folly gives way
to thought,

Do love and life and emotion still count in your creed for
naught?

Do you never gaze in your mirror, when your beauty at
day-break goes,
And, pressing your throbbing temples, ask God for some
repose?
Repose! it is tardy in coming; when the bitter chalice is
filled
You must wait till the feverish pulses and the passionate
heart are stilled.
There is one we know who is waiting, waiting and thinking
to-day,
Perchance of the happy summer whose blossoms have faded
away;
He walks beneath the laburnums, but not with the hopeful
pride
That made his world such an Eden when you walked there
by his side.
O love, 'tis a wonderful passion! It makes or it mars us
all;
By love man may walk with the angels, by love the angels
may fall.
How it has changed your nature! it has warped your heart
and soul
'Till you flee, with fierce desperation, from the genie you
can not control.
What! tears? they are not becoming—let others such weak-
ness show.
The hall is garnished for dancing, the wine and the gas-lights
glow,
So, stifle your sobs with laughter; let your eyes like your
heart be dry,
And pray, when the ball is over, to be forgiven and die.

LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen;
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

“Take him and welcome,” the surgeon said—
“Little the doctors can help the dead.”
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air,
And laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heel to head.

And we watched the war with bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death;
Nights of anguish—how many such,
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
Still the glint of his steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't? Nay, more! In death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write:
“Dear mother,” at first, of course—and then
“Dear Captain,” asking about the men.
Captain's answer: “Of eighty-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.”

Weary news from the war one day,
“Men are wanted in front,” they say;
Little Giffen was up and away;

A tear—the first—as he said good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
“I’ll write, if spared.” There was news of the
fight.

But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes think that if I were king
Of the belted knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the harper in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I’d give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

—F. O. TICKNOR.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

“MY sister’ll be down in a minute, and says you’re to wait,
if you please,
And says I might stay till she came if I’d promise her
never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that’s nonsense,
for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn’t? Don’t you really and
truly think so?

“And then you’d feel strange here alone! And you
wouldn’t know just where to sit;
For that chair isn’t strong on its legs, and *we* never use it
a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would
be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very
last screw.

“S’pose you try! I won’t tell. You’re afraid to! Oh, you’re afraid they would think it was mean!

Well, then, there’s the album—that’s pretty, if you’re sure that your fingers are clean;

For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she’s cross.

There’s her picture. You know it? It’s like her, but she ain’t as good-looking, of course?

“This is ME. It’s the best of ’em all. Now, tell me, you’d never have thought

That once I was little as that? It’s the only one that could be bought.

For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—

That he wouldn’t print off any more till he first got his money for that.

“What? May be you’re tired of waiting. Why, often she’s longer than this.

There’s all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.

But it’s nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.

Do you think you’ll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don’t come like Tom Lee.

“Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness, he used to be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he’d be her husband, and Jack says that gave him a fright.

You won’t run away, then, as he did? For you’re not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you’re as poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

“Ain’t you glad that you met me? Well, *I* am, for I know
now your hair *isn’t* red;
But what there is left of it’s mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.
But, there! I must go. Sister’s coming. But I wish I
could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she
used to kiss Lee.

—BRET HARTE.

HER ANSWER.

“I’m going to be married,” he softly said.
She looked up in swift surprise;
The color from out of her bright face fled,
The light grew dim in her eyes.

“You’re going to be married?” she echoed, low,
Her voice had a steady tone.

“I hope you’ll be happy wherever you go.”
A cough hid a little moan.

“I know that your bride will be good and true,
You never could love any other.”
She steadily looked in his eyes, dark blue:
“I tender you joy, my brother.”

“I’m going to be married—that is, I hope
To be, though I hardly know—
Dear love, shall I longer pine and mope?
I tremble for fear of ‘no.’”

The color that out of her face had fled
Came back with a deeper hue.

“Why, isn’t it funny,” she shyly said,
“That I’m to be married, too?”

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THE WOMAN DOCTOR.

IN the pretty town of Somers
We were just installed—new-comers,
When my darling sister Sue—
Girl as lovely as she's true—
Fell a victim to the fever,
Gripping her as a retriever
Grips his game. It *wouldn't* leave her.

Her physician—one called Proctor—
Was a grim and surly doctor;
His eyes were red and bleary,
And his breath was always beery;
Though he gave her draught and pill,
Sue grew weak and weaker still,
Going gradually downhill.

Till at last I said to Proctor:
“You shall no more play the doctor
To my sister; you have mocked her.
Go, you drunken Esculape,
Ere I take you by the nape;
Take your form from off our door,
And return there, nevermore.”

To the servant then I said:
“Bring a man here with a head,
Bring me straight a new physician.”
He departed on his mission.
When he came next to our door,
“Here,” he said, “is Dr. Moore.”

By the gods it was a woman!
Had it been a thing unhuman
I could not have stared more wildly—
But the woman took it mildly.
Woman! she was but a girl
With a brow of purest pearl,
Not a bang, though, not a curl,
Straight, serene and calmly serious,
With a look a bit imperious,
As without blush or demur,
“Show me to the patient, Sir,”
Said this most surprising vision,
This sweet, stately girl physician.

I felt snubbed; I put on airs,
Stiff as deacons at their prayers;
But she little heeded me,
With a bow, slight as could be,
She passed on, leaned over Sue,
Bent on her those eyes of blue.
Talked so wisely and so true,
With such calm self-confidence,
So much modesty and sense,
So much science and such kindness,
That I felt I'd been in blindness
Scorning women who had missions
To be lawyers or physicians,
As though sex should ever ban
Women any more than man
From just doing what they can.
Then my sister—she got well,
But—I grieve the tale to tell,
I am now more truly ill—
Past the help of draught or pill,
And unless this fair M. D.,

This most potent magic "*She*,"
 Shall my fevered pulses still,
 By one word's sweet whispered thrill,
 Why, this *heart* complaint will kill.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

JUDGE NOT.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
 How do we know?

Many, like sepulchers, are foul within,
 Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
 And many may be pure we think not so.
 How near to God the souls of such have been,
 What mercy secret penitence may win—
 How do we know?

How can we tell who have sinned more than we?
 How can we tell?

We think our brother walked full guiltily,
 Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
 Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
 Of his untold temptations, we might be
 Less upright in our daily walk than he—
 How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
 Dare we condemn?

Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
 The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
 And if to us more clearly than to them
 Is given knowledge of the good and true,
 More do they need our help and pity, too;
 Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,
God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way;
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
We are but human and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God help us all!

—*Attributed to* HARRY LARKYNS.

A CULPRIT.

THE maiden aunt, in her high-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a terrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly turning her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: “Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather.

“When I think of your bringing up; my care—
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this. You
Appeared, to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a young man *kiss* you.

“If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you *are* eighteen, I tell you, Jane,

I shall treat you just as though you were six,
And send you to school again.

“Are you going to tell me what he said;
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling.
So, look at me, Jane; lift up your head;
Don't look as if you were stifling!”

Her voice was shaken—of course with fear:
“He said—he said—‘Will you have me, Jane?’
And I said I would—but, indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again.”

—MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

“GARÇON! You, *you*
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
 (Only a child, and yet so bold,
 Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? do you know
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row—
 You with those Commune wretches tall,
 With your face to the wall?”
“*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?
 We're here to be shot;
And there, by the pillar's the very spot,
 Fighting for France, my father fell;
 Ah! well!—
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
 With my *back* to the wall!”
“*(Sacré! Fair, open fight, I say,*

Is something right gallant in its way,
 And fine for warming the blood; but who
 Wants wolfish work like this to do?
 Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
 (The boy is beckoning to me now;
 I knew that this poor child's heart would fail,
 Yet his cheek's not pale;
 Quick! say your say, for, don't you see,
 When the church-clock yonder tolls out *three*,
 You are all to be shot!
 — *What?*

'*Excuse you one moment?*' Oh, ho, ho!
 Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"
 "But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day,
 (My father's friend), just over the way,
 Lent me; and if you'll let me free—
 It still lacks seven minutes of *three*—
 I'll come on the word of a soldier's son,
 Straight back into line when my errand's done."
 "Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
 (Now, good St. Denis, speed him on!
 The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
 For I hardly see how I *could* have braved
 The ardor of that innocent eye,
 As he stood and heard,
 While I gave the word,
 Dooming him like a dog to die.)"
 "In time? Well, thanks that my desire
 Was granted; and now I'm ready—Fire!
 One word!—that's all!—
 You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"
 "Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
 Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?)
 Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!"

—MARGARET F. PRESTON.

MASK AND DOMINO.

Personages, Irene de Veratimeglia and the Duchess Mirella.

MY Lady Irene, you are pale to-night,
 And yet but now beneath your domino
 Methought your eyes were marvelously bright;
 I did not think to find you trembling so;
 Come, come; take heart of grace;
 What, do you fear to see a *woman's* face?

A man would suit you best. Well, I did think
 A little frolic would have plagued you naught;
 I did not look to see you wince and shrink
 At my unmasking. Tell me now your thought—
 Does not this page's gear
 Of blood-red crimson well become me, dear?

Still pale and silent? What strange thing is this?
 These are my lord's apartments, and I think
 Somewhere there must be wine. Ah! yes, here 'tis.
 These tears of Christ will help thee. Sweetheart, drink!
 Is't not almost divine?
 Ah! Lacryma Christi, thou'rt a wondrous wine!

How I did fool you, child! Forgive my glee,
 I can not choose but laugh. . . . 'Twas writ this way:
 "Irene, my sweet, one waits who worships thee,
 And this the token: Love me, love, I pray!"
 Now, was it not so writ?
 What chance did favor me in guessing it?

Oh, I have noted how *my* lord of late
 Has sued your favor—but I count it naught;

'Tis what we look for in the marriage state—
Is't not, Marchesa? Do you sorrow aught
When your good lord doth stray?
You do not fret, I warrant. Well-a-day!

I do remember—laughable it seems—
How once the duke—ha! ha!—did swear to me
That my blue eyes were brighter than bright dreams;
But, faith, it was but lover's gallantry,
For now he doth entreat
Your twilight hair and dark eyes darkly sweet.

Art ill, dear friend? Dost feel the need of air?
I'll throw this casement open to the night. . . .
'Tis strange how men do value eyes and hair!
So!—Is not yon fair planet wondrous bright?
What mournful sounds prevail!
Is it the moonlight makes you look so pale?

How lovely is the moon's serene, sweet face!
No woman has such beauty, yet, alway,
Men have no eyes for aught but woman's grace;
Strange, is it not? And stranger still, to-day,
The face they loveliest call
To-morrow has no loveliness at all.

What wretched creatures we—that live to make
The sport of men; and each new lover seems
Too fond and true a loving heart to break;
Then comes the day that shatters all our dreams,
And, at the bitter end,
We learn to hate each lover and each friend.

Look out upon the hushed and breathless night;
The tranquil stars alone are always true.
What's this? A storm has quenched their steadfast light.

That flash was fearful! See, the lights burn blue.
 'Tis ominous, my dear,
 This sudden, dreadful storm—have you no fear?
 Marchesa, dearest, surely you are ill!
 That wine has hurt you? It is so? Alas!
 Fool! I did give it you with right good will!
 With my own hand I did prepare that glass!
 'Twill do its work full well!
 'Twill send you straight to heaven, my dear—or hell!
 Aha! My time has come! I am his wife!
 I am the woman that he swore to love!
 And, traitress, you shall pay me with your life
 For this intrigue! Yea, by the saints above,
 Your life is small requite
 For all the hate I've smothered till this night!
 That letter—'twas the duke's—and this the place
 The treacherous schemer for a trysting gave!
 Yea, writhe and moan, and hide your livid face,
 And die and rot in a dishonored grave!
 He'll find you here anon
 A festering corpse, fair wanton—ah, she's gone!

—*Anon.*

LOVE OF THE PERIOD.

I'VE just left the ball-room, dear Harry,
 To drop you this bit of a note,
 Which the captain has promised to carry
 Direct by the four o'clock boat.

The season is certainly over—
 Sue Summers refused Colonel Chute—
 Don't swear like a savage sea-rover,
 Because our affair follows suit.

We only engaged for this season—
You're prince of all partners, I vow—
I'll tell you, directly, the reason
I'm writing so hastily now.

Please send me at once by Tom Tinberne—
His whiskers are simply divine!—
My picture, that copy of Swinburne,
And everything else that is mine.

My letters, my notes, and that poem—
The one signed "Anonyma," dear—
I know that you never would show 'em;
I want to look over them here.

Please send me my pink satin slipper—
I think I can cover the stain—
You pulled off and used as a dipper,
To pledge me in Clicquot Champagne.

And, Harry, don't fail to see Barker—
You *would* cut my curls off, you know—
Should you send some a half a shade darker,
The difference never will show.

Send ribbons and ring; I think this is
The last of the things I must ask.
I'm sure that to *send* back my kisses
You'll vote an impossible task!

Now, Harry, don't rage and be horrid,
Don't bluster and swear and abuse;
Our love was deliciously torrid—
To drop it quite gives me the blues!

I've viewed it in every direction,
And find in its limitless range,

A pure, Pantheistic perfection,
Progressive, electrical, strange!

I know that its bliss unalloyed—
If once I were bound as your wife—
Would fade in a fortnight, destroyed
By the dullness of every-day life!

And so I've determined, dear Harry—
As girls of the period do—
Although I must certainly marry,
'Twill not be, my lover, to you!

We winter next season at Willard's;
Dear Hal, you must surely be there,
I shall be Mrs. Daniel Dillards—
He's a hideous, humpbacked millionaire!

—FRANK DASHMORE.

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A REQUEST.

I SEND your letters back—and humbly pray
Take, too, your ring;
Looking in level eyes, I can not say:
“My lord! my king!”

Believe me, it is better thus to part,
As friend from friend,
Than claim a pledgèd hand that holds no heart—
There let it end.

I loved you once, with love that would have dared
For you all pain.
With you, the darkest deep of Hades shared,
And held it gain.

A love that would have rifled heaven and earth
Of every sweet
To deck me, that I might, in fitting worth,
Kneel at your feet.

A love that knew but one place of delight
Oh! dazzling fair!—
Calmer than rest; than brightest heaven more bright,
'Twas where you were.

A love that held you kingliest of men
Beyond compare.
Ah, me! The difference in now and then
Is wide as air.

Though yet I know you generous and brave,
And true as steel,
You can not give me back the love I crave—
You can not feel.

That light were darkened; life less glad and gay
Without my face.
And so 'tis best that each a separate way
We run our race.

Besides, in strictest truth, although 'tis odd
Such things to say,
To disappointed eyes, my demi-god
Hath feet of clay.

Wherefore, take back your letters and, I pray
Take, too, your ring;
Mine eyes must upward look, ere I can say:
“My lord! my king!”

—MATTIE A. COLLINS.

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THE SALE OF A WIFE.

A SHORT COMEDIETTA WITH TABLEAU EFFECT.

SCENE.—*Street or market-place.* HUSBAND, *elderly PROFESSOR in a frouzy wig and dressing-gown.* He flourishes auctioneer's hammer and bids off his wife, a *pert, pretty damsel in a short costume with a gay-colored fan which she uses coquettishly.* A BAKER, a WEAVER and a BOHEMIAN, *in appropriate garb,* are conspicuous in the group around the auctioneer. TABLEAU. Then bell rings and sale begins.

HUSBAND.

A wife, a wife, who wants a wife,
I am a Benedict tired of strife
Wanting to have some peace of my life.

I married a wife to comfort my age,
I wanted her active and young, but sage;
I wanted her merry, I wanted her wise,
And saving my gold to economize.
I married a wife—you see she is fair—
Like diamonds her eyes, like silk her hair;
Feet like the fairy's—poets have sung,
Nimble those feet, but nimbler her tongue.
White her hands—white roses to match,
But roses have thorns—and those hands can scratch;
And how they can scatter each well-earned dollar
And their fingers snap at a “rusty old scholar.”
And that mouth!—it can smile like a rose in dew—
On some other man, while it pouts at you,

And laughs if you growl as for supper you wait
While with Dick or Charlie she chats at the gate.

So, who wants my May?
I'll sell her to-day,
That peace may reign
In my bosom again.

BAKER (*wearing white baker's cap and apron, steps up*).

“ I'm the baker across the street;
The lady looks smart and neat.
What sort of a cook would she make?
Can she boil, can she stew?
And get up a good *ragoût* ?

HUSBAND.

Thwart her will; she'll prove to you
She can quickly raise a stew;
Tell her faults in speech like oil,
Over she will surely boil;
Come home late from honest toil
And with you she'll have a broil.

MAY.

Have a stew with him? what else can I do?
When he brings *nothing else* on earth to stew.
Boil over? Who'd blame me to boil and foam,
When he brings an old book or a dried bug home
And says with all the airs of a college
One should live less on meat than knowledge.

BAKER.

She has you there, my bookworm friend,
The lady is sharp, you may depend.

HUSBAND.

Sharp she is, I'll not say nay,
 So who'll buy, who'll buy my clever May?
 A wife, a wife, who wants a wife—

WEAVER.

She's a trim sort of lass, not too fat, or too thin,
 Will she answer for me? Can she weave? can she spin?

HUSBAND.

She can spin—street yarn—by the hour. She can weave
 A mesh to insnare, a web to deceive.

BOHEMIAN (*in cap and loose jacket, with violin under arm.*)

My homage to the fair May I bring,
 I wonder now can she dance and sing.

HUSBAND.

She can sing like a bird and dance like a fay,
 If you want such a wife, you are suited in May.

BOHEMIAN.

But I'll not suit *her*, I fear,
 Such a bird should have nest of plush,
 And I'm but a poor fellow, my dear,
 Who lives by his fiddle and brush.

MAY.

With a husband that's kind and clever,
 And never scolds and hisses,
 I could live in a garret forever
 On bread and cheese—and kisses.

BOHEMIAN (*giving his hand to MAY.*)

Then come, my pretty bird
 And fly to my garret nest,

You shall sing and dance your best,
 And give new life to my fiddle bow,
 And to my brush new zest.
 And if bread and cheese are scant
 The seasoning shall be plenty,
 It will be nice to spice each slice
 With kisses ten or twenty.
 And for you, Sir Auctioneer,
 Here are thanks and a merry adieu,
 And a guinea of gold that's yellow and cold
 And hard, old sage, like you.

[Exeunt, waltzing off the stage.]

HUSBAND.

A guinea of gold—the precious ninny!
 That black letter book can be bought for a guinea,
 I'll buy it, go home and have peace by myself
 With no wife to disturb the dust on my shelf.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

“I'm goin' to die!” says the Widder Green.
 “I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene.
 It ain't no place for me to stay
 In such a world as 'tis to-day.
 Such works and ways is too much for me:
 Nobody can't let nobody be.
 The girls is flounced from top to toe,
 An' that's the hull o' what they know.
 The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
 Swearin', an' shootin', an' pickin' locks.
 I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself

Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic in any way,
But since crazy folks all go free
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard:
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the paper'll have it in;
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner on Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend, Mrs. Green, has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin', I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there;
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow—
Praise to the Lord from men below;
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle, there and here!
No more respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef He was hand and glove
With all the creturs He ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin', too—but here I'm dumb;
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong,
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment and justice is my desire.

'Tain't all love and sickish sweet
 That makes this world or t'other complete.
 But, la! I'm old. I'd better be dead
 When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
 Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,
 Bibles kicked out o' deestric schools,
 Crazy creturs a-murderin' round—
 Honest folks better be underground.
 So fare ye well! This airthly scene
 Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

—*Anon.*

THE SPRIG OF SHILLALAH.

THREE beautiful youths—Rory Murdoch, the weaver,
 Pat Brennan, the blacksmith, and Thaddy O'Keefe—
 The last was the darlin' that handled the cleaver
 With a grace and dexterity past all belief,
 In love had contended for Flannigan's daughter,
 As she stood in the bar of her father's hotel,
 And oft, as they swallowed their whisky-and-water,
 They cocked up their eyes at the beautiful belle.

She loved them, all three, with an equal affection,
 It was quite immaterial which she should choose;
 For Rory and Pat had no points of objection,
 And Thaddy no sensible girl could refuse.
 But the boys were impatient, and begged a decision,
 She blushed like a rosebud, and thus she replied:
 "Who best of you, sir, shall discharge my commission,
 The same shall behold me on Wednesday his bride.

"A twig of the loveliest plant in creation
 Let each fetch to-morrow—this task, sirs, will prove

Who has the most skill in mute observation.

And this is the man I shall ardently love."

All bowed at these words, and went out of her presence,

And Rory and Pat studied hard all the night,

While Thaddy, indulging in barley quintessence,

Was blue as a razor, and almost as bright.

The time came round for the boys to assemble,

And soon the she-judge called them up to the bar;

Their eyes were cast down, and their hearts were a-trem-
ble,

As each took his bitters and lit his cigar.

First Rory addressed her: "Adorable creature,

That which is most useful is loveliest, too;

And so I have fetched you a sprig of potato,

And my love, like its blossoms, will yearly renew."

"Very good," said the maid; "and good luck to you,
Rory.

Now, Pat, it's your turn." "Yes, my honey,"
said he,

"Is there aught in creation more lovely than glory?

I've brought ye a twig from that very same tree—

Old rye is the plant that awakens the spirit,

And makes it with ardor and energy swell;

The hero and poet acknowledge its merit,

And faithful affection its virtues can tell."

"Good," again said the maid. "Here's a bit of a
stumper;

But, Thaddy, don't give up so soon in despair."

"Is it me?" answered Thaddy. "Just fill me a
bumper,

And I'll settle the matter as snug as a hare.

Potatoes are good in their place, darlin', really;
Old rye is still better—but nothing can show
A sprig to come up wid the sprig of shillalah,
As Rory and Patrick shall presently know.

- “And, so, do ye take that, for yer usefulness, Rory,”
And fetched him a clip alongside of his head.
“And, Patrick, take that, if ye please fer yer glory;
And vanish, ye scoundrels—or, be jabbers, ye're dead.”
“Well done, my darling, superlative Thaddy!”
The maiden exclaimed, as his rivals retired.
“I see that a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady,
And yours is the twig that I chiefly admire.”
-

MAY'S BRIDAL EVE.

THE bride-maids laughing in the door,
Were wreathing flowers with busy skill,
Upon the sunny steps and floor
The breeze strewed leaves and blooms at will.

- With saucy repartee and jest
They passed the time—these merry girls
“See, May, here's rue for Harry's vest;
Here's dandelions for your curls.
“Remember, when you're saying ‘Yes,’
You mustn't look at Maud or me;
Just count the ruffles on your dress,
Or blossoms on the apple-tree.
“Hal will look scared; but every inch
As stately as a king, I know;
I'll give his arm a friendly pinch
If he forgets and answers ‘No.’”

May, flushed and laughing at their talk,
Keeps watchful eyes upon the gate,
The road's far windings, white as chalk.
Then Maud says, gayly, "Harry's late,

"Let's promenade along the walk,
And scold because he makes us wait;
Let's gather each a tansy stalk,
And wear a weed in widowed state."

Moments pass slowly; sinks the sun,
And fades the sunset's rose and gold;
The rooms are decked, all tasks are done,
And friends are gathering—young and old.

"But where is Harry?" "Ah! how late,
'Tis surely time he should be here;
How *can* he make his sweet bride wait?"
"Ah! he is coming; never fear."

Within her chamber, new arrayed
In lace of airy gossamer,
She sits and wonders, half afraid,
And starting at the wind's low stir.

Her bride-maids, gay an hour ago,
Seek comfort in each other's eyes;
And fill the moments' tardy flow
With hasty questions and replies.

The wedding guests who sit below
Whisper their comments and surprise;
The mother, moving to and fro,
Still screens her fears with cheerful guise.

At last the bride no more can smile;
She weeps, heart-sick with doubt and dread;
They strive by many a word and wile
To soothe her—though their hearts are lead.

“He may be ill.” “Oh! were that so,
He would have sent us line or word.”

“She had a note two days ago,”

“Perhaps some new delay occurred.”

“Oh, me! what *will* the people say?”

“Pray, hush! speak lower; She may hear.

Is that the sound of wheels, you say,

Far up the road? ’Tis coming near?”

“It is; it is. I hope and pray

It may be Harry!” “Little fear

But that it is: a wedding-day

Without a bridegroom *would* be queer.”

The noise of wheels comes near and near,

The tramp of horses driven fast;

And, springing up with sudden cheer,

She cries: “Ah, he is come at last!”

She smooths the lace’s tumbled snow,

Adjusts the wreath that crowns her head;

Smiles at the mirror’s pretty show,

And walks the floor with restless tread.

“They’re come, and here is Harry!” “Nay,
This is not Harry.” “Why, who, then?”

“A man with face all wild and gray.”

“But Harry’s with him; look again.”

“No; now he’s at the door. But, stay,

What words were those I heard him say—

‘*Railway collision—Found at ten.*’ ”

“Dead when you found him?” “Long before,

And killed, I think, by one hard blow;

He must have lain three hours or more

Buried beneath the ruins so.”

Only a girl's despairing cry
 Ringing upon the still, night air;
A murmur fading to a sigh,
 Then—sudden silence everywhere.

—M. F. HUDSON.

OLD TUBAL CAIN.

OLD TUBAL CAIN was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
 On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet rout,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear;
And he sung, "Hurrah for my handiwork;
 Hurrah for the spear and sword,
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his waning fire;
And each one prayed for a strong blade
 As the crown of his own desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest tree;
And they sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew,
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
 And hurrah for the metal true."

But a sudden change came o'er his head
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
And the land was red with blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low;
But he rose at last, with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sung, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
While the red sparks filled the air,
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plow-share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands—
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Our stanch good friend is he,
And for the plow-share and the plow
To him our praise shall be.

But when oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Tho' we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

—CHARLES MACKAY.

IN THE ARENA AT ROME.

WE were friends and comrades loyal, though I was of alien
race,
And he a free-born Samnite that followed the man from
Thrace.
And there, in the mid-arena, he and I stood face to face.

I was a branded swordsman, and he was supple and strong;
They saved us alive from the battle to do us this cruelest
wrong—
That each should slay the other there before the staring
throng.

Faces, faces, and faces! How it made my brain to spin!
Beautiful faces of women, and tiger souls therein!
And merry voices of girls that laughed, debating of who
should win.

Over us, burning and cloudless, dazzled the blue sky's dome;
Far away to the eastward the white snow peaks of his home,
And in front the Prefect, purple-clad, in the deadly might
of Rome.

And so, in the mid-arena, we stood there face to face,
And he looked me right in the eyes and said: "I ask thee
one last grace:
Slay me, for *thee* I can not." Then I held his hand a space,

But knew not what I answered; the heavens round and wide
Surged up and down—a flash of steel—my sword was
 through his side,
And I was down upon my knees, and held him as he died.

His blood was warm on my fingers, his eyes were scarcely
 still,
When they tore him from me, and the blade that else had
 healed all ill,
And it is one more day I am theirs, to work their horrible
 will.

No matter; the sand, and the sun, and the faces hateful
 to see,
They will be nothing—nothing; but I wonder who may be
The other man I have to fight—the man that shall kill me?

—A. WERNER.

THE DUDE AT THE OPERA.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS, agèd twenty,
Fond of the *dolce far niente*;
Legs suggestive of a pea-stick;
Visage wearisome and sea-sick;
Pallid look and languid air;
Sad, unmentionable stare;
Head made dizzy by the whirl
Of the kicking chorus girl;
Holding on with might and main
To the small, æsthetic cane,
Sits the “slim,” with milky eyes,
Underneath the summer skies;
While one would think the frail creation
In danger of evaporation.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king

(Hurry!)

That the love of his life lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.

(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loved each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl—
And his rose of the isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,

(Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed—
Which he kept for battle and days of need.

(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, girths were burst;
But, ride as they would, the king rode first—
For his rose of the isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten one by one;

(Hurry!)

They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone.

His fair little page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying.

The king looked back at the faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled.

They passed the draw-bridge with clattering din;

Then he dropped—and only the king rode in,

Where his rose of the isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence.)

No answer came—but, faint and forlorn,
An echo returned on the cold, gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride,
For dead in the light of the dawning day
The pale, sweet form of his welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with his drooping crest,
Stood weary,
The king returned from her chamber of rest;
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And that dumb companion eying.
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck.
“Oh, steed, that every nerve did strain;
Dear steed, our coming hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying.”
—MRS. NORTON.

LORD HERON AND FAIR ROSALIND.

HIGH on the hills Lord Heron dwells;
Rosalind sings on the moor below,
Watching the bees in the heather-bells
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron hath left his state,
Donned a doublet of hodden gray,
And stolen out at the postern gate,
A silly shepherd, to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child—
Gentle, and fair, and pure is she;
Colin, the shepherd, is comely and mild,
Tending his flocks on valley and lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What now she hears at close of day:
“Rose of roses, I love thee more—
More than the sweetest words can say.

“Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came.
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name.”

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Then turned white as the hawthorn's blow;
Folded her kirtle above her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

“Rose of roses, come back to me;
Leave me never!” Lord Heron cried.
“Never,” echoed the hill and lea;
“Never,” the lonely cliff replied.

Loud he mourned, a year and a day;
But Lady Alice was fair to see.
The bright sun blesses their bridal day,
The castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moor like a funeral knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal.
Low she murmurs, “I loved him well;
Better I loved his earthly weal.

“Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice's arms;
She is a lady of high degree.

Rosalind had but her peasant charms.
 Ye had rued the day ye wedded me."

Lord Heron dwells in his castle high;
 Rosalind sleeps on the moor below.
 He loved to live; she loved to die,
 Which loved the truest, the angels know.

—*Anon.*

SURE'S YOU LIVE.

HE will soon be out of college,
 With his head crammed full of knowledge,
 So *he* thinks, so he thinks.

He will come the world to alter
 In reform he'll never falter,
 So *he* thinks, so he thinks.

And he'll banish the old fogies
 Just like a lot of bogies,
 So *he* thinks, so he thinks.

In a few years he'll grow tired,
 And won't act like one inspired,
 So *he* won't, so he won't.

He will find that it's hard hoeing,
 That the world ain't won by blowing,
 Yes, *he* will; yes, he will.

Then he will grow very prudent,
 And he'll smile at the young student,
 Yes, *he* will; yes, he will.

And he'll say, "*I* once was really
 Very green and very mealy,
 Sure's you live, sure's you live.

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THE DUMB SAVIOR.

*Recited by Mrs. Bryan at the Convention of the Society for Preventing
Cruelty to Animals, in Atlanta.*

Ho! Moro, Moro, my dog, where are you?
Moro: He has gone—he has left me: he
The last, the only friend. Forsaken by *him*,
By the one living thing that clung to me
When the storm stripped my life; who followed me
Through cold and hunger and wild weary tramps
On the bleak highways! So, at last, he's gone!
Lured by the smell of Athol's savory meats,
The warmth of Athol's hearth.

An hour ago,
When I met Athol yonder in the street,
He said, with insolent pity in his look,
“Sell *me* that dog. He taxes you too sore
To feed him. Here's his price.” “Sell you my dog!
Sell the one thing that keeps alive in me
A spark of trust in anything on earth?
Never! Your gold has bought all that was mine—
My lands, my home, my friends, my promised bride.
It can not buy my dog: he would not go;
Your chains could never hold him, he would leave
Your juicy meats to come and share my crust.
Put up your gold: it can not buy my dog.”

“We'll see,” he said, and turned upon his heel,
The low-born insolent! His gold had bought
My old, proud home, my flattering friends, the graves
Of my dead sires; ay, even her—my love
With eyes as blue as heaven, as full of truth

(I would have sworn so *once*) as heaven of stars.
God! how I loved her, how I trusted her!
How her voice thrilled me on that summer night
When, with her hands in mine, I said: 'My love,
A flickering star of fame has mocked my hopes
Since dreaming boyhood. Never did it beam
With steady glow, till now—now that it shines
In your sweet eyes. *Now* I will follow it,
For bays are worth the winning but to lay
At your dear feet. But she: "I love you not
For laurels or for gold, but for yourself,
Your own proud manhood and your faithful heart."

These were her words. Just Heaven, that lips so fair
Could utter words so false. Not care for gold!
'Twas *all* she cared for. When 'twas swept away
Her love went with it. All my faith went, too—
All my proud dreams; my star of fame went down,
And whelmed in black despair I fled the place
A beggared outcast: home, friends, love—all gone.

With curses on my lips and brain on fire,
I fled through the wet night that shut me round
While gleamed the city lights afar. I cried,
"I stand alone, with not one living thing
To care what doom despair may drive me to."
But as I spoke a soft head touched my knee,
A warm tongue lapped my hand. Dumb sympathy
Of the poor brute! My faithful dog had broke
His chain to follow me.

My *faithful* dog!

Ha, ha. There is no faith in man or beast
Upon this hollow globe. My dog is gone
Yonder in Athol's home that once was mine.
He followed *him*—lured by his bait of food.

'The craven-hearted wretch! True, he was starved;
But so am I. Yet I spurned Athol's gold,
Offered as price for *him*. Well, he is gone!

Why did I come back here? I know too well.
I came, poor fool, to look upon the ground
Her footsteps pressed. Perchance she loved me still
Her father made her turn from me. Who knows?
Perchance I'd find her pale of cheek and pined
With weeping for the outcast she still loved.
Ah, fool! Why, never in the days gone by
When my hot kisses fed its budding bloom
Did her cheek blossom with so rich a rose
As glowed on it to-night. How proud she looked!
In those far-trailing robes of moonlight silk,
The rubies glittering on the foam-white hand
That lay on Athol's arm. She did not see
The wretch who, crouched in the shadow, watched her
pass.

He saw me: Athol, proud, triumphant Athol,
Who'd told me that I had not bread to feed
My dog awhile before. He knew me now.
He bent his head and whispered in her ear,
And broke into a mocking laugh, while she—
Arched her white neck and smiled with scorn-curved
lips.

Hark to the music! She is dancing now!
That waltz of Weber! Ah! how sweet it is!
How the tall windows blaze! Fair forms flash by
Whirling like brilliant blossoms in the mad
Maelstrom of melody. Yes, they dance,
They feast. My dog feasts yonder in the halls
My proud ancestors reared. And I—I stand
Beneath the mocking stars and freezing skies
Deserted, friendless, gnawed by hunger-pangs.

Curses upon them! If there be a hell,
 When earth is hell enough, I'd brave its fires
 A thousand years for leave to crush them here,
 And make them suffer as I suffer now.

Why should I suffer? There's one refuge still.
 When life grows torture we can shake it off.
 Death beckons us with shadowy hand, and points
 To the abyss of nothingness and rest.
 Rest—is it rest? What if the fever-dream
 Of life goes on beyond the grave? Outside
 The shattered temple of the flesh, as birds
 Still flutter blindly round a broken nest?
 It is too mad a doubt. The dead are dead.
 The hour is past for dotard's dreams.

And yet—

My mother's prayers, her cradle hymns. Away
 These memories. They shall not hold me back
 Like clinging arms from the abyss of death,
 Let death be what it may!

Here I hold

In my right hand the key to its mysteries.
 This vial of dark fluid—spell of sleep
 The last, the dreamless—pressed from poppy bloom,
This solves the doubt; *this* breaks the fever-dream;
This lays a palsying spell on blood and limb
 And burning brain, and lo, the wild dream is done,
 Quenched in the Lethean flood of nothingness.
 Scorn, poverty, cold, hunger are no more;
 No more keen pangs when friends prove treacher-
 ous,

When even the last dumb friend forsakes.

Dance on,

Feast on. I shall not heed you now.
 Stare at me, mystic heaven, in cold rebuke.

Far, silent stars, what care you or your God
For human woe? Safe sits your God on high,
Tracing the shining paths of whirling worlds
And mighty systems, lighting up new suns.
What cares He for one burning human heart?
Yet He gives death. It is the best He gives.
For this I thank Him, and I greet thee, Death,
Dark essence of the poppy, kiss my lips
And steal their breath forever. Earth, farewell!

Ha! what is this! Who dares to grasp my arm?
Moro, my dog! Have you come back, my dog?
Come back from Athol's food and fire to *me*?
Why do you pluck my sleeve? What's this you've
laid
Here at my feet? Why, bread! You've brought me
bread.

My poor dog! 'Twas for this you left me, then?
You sought to save me, and I thought, I thought—
Forgive me, Moro. I have wronged you, dog.
What if I've wronged my fellow-men as well!
And my starved dog, seeing his master's strait,
Stole in and begged the bread I could not ask,
And brought it here, despite his own sore need,
And bids me eat with eager, wagging tail
And wistful eyes! If there's such depth of love
And sacrificing pity in a brute,
Can man be wholly callous? I will hope.

My dog, you've saved me. I will live. Nay, more:
I will shake off this lethargy of despair,
This spell of the demon Drink that bade me drown
My woe in its cursed nepenthe. From this hour
That chain is broken. Faith and hope come back
Like a bright flood of sunshine. No, my dog,

Who would have died with me, you shall not starve;
 Nor shall your trust be shamed. I'll win it back,
 The crown I threw down in my fierce despair—
 The crown of manhood—worth all crowns beside.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

*Founded on the Drama of that name by Messrs. Tom
 Taylor and Chas. Reade.*

To the scaffold's foot she came:
 Leaped her black eyes into flame,
 Rose and fell her panting breast,—
 There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
 Traitor death and shameful tomb,—
 Heard the price upon his head,
 "I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
 She will *weep*, but Ruth will *do*;
 Who should save him, sore distress'd,
 Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,
 On her lips there rose his name,—
 Rose, and yet in silence died,—
 Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
 Round her waist his fingers went;
 "Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!"
 Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away:—
“He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate!”

“Annie is his wife,” they said.
“Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate?”

“What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move.”
Came the jealous answer straight,—
“I can love, and I can hate!”

“Mercy!” still they cried. But she:
“Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love and I can hate!”

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries,—
“See the traitor! see, he dies!”

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the ax upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died,—
“From the king!” she faintly cried—

“From the king. His name—behold!”
Quick the parchment she unrolled:
Paused the ax in upward swing,—
“He is pardoned!” “Live the king!”

Glad the cry, and loud and long;
All about the scaffold throng,—

There intertwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move—
“I can hate—but I can love!”

—WILLIAM SAWYER.

DOMINION DAY

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake !

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day ;
Oh ! may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered,
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Loyalty singeth and treason is still .

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave lash, to-day thou enslavest
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Let the sky ring with the shouts of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
 Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,
 Binding the charm of all lands that are rarest,
 Like the bright cestus of Venus in one !

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 A new reign of beauty on earth is begun !

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

WHEN the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,
 I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn,
 And the fisher folks are near,
 But I wis they never hear
 The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of
 Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their merry din,
 But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of
 Lynn;

He told me to wait here
 Upon the old brown pier,
 To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
 And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;

And now he's at the pier,
 My bonny love and dear!
 And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands out-
 stretched to me.

Oh, my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark
 and thin!

Oh, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?

Oh, have you naught to say

Upon your wedding-day?

Love, hear you not the wedding-bells across the Bay of
 Lynn?

Oh, my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that
moan.

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah, me! ah, me! I did but dream; and I am all alone—
Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old grave-yard at
Lynn!

THE DYING TROOPER.

STEADY, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready!
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken;
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where,
Than live in that foul prison hole over there.

Step slowly,
Speak lowly,
These rocks may have life.
Lay me down in this hollow—
We are out of the strife.
By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
No! No surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is the pickaxe and spade.
What, Morris! A tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well, well, I am rough; 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—yet I'm no fool;
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill o'er slough and sand?

But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.

Did you mind the loud cry,

When, turning to fly,

Our men sprung upon them, determined to die?

Oh! wasn't it grand!

God help the poor wretches that fell in that fight;

No time was there given for prayer or for flight.

They fell by the score in the crash, hand to hand,

And they mingled their blood with the slough and
the sand.

Huzza!

Great heavens! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave.

A curse on the aim of the treacherous knave!

Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,

Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?

Pray! Pray!

“Our Father—” Our Father! Why don't you proceed?

Can't you see I'm dying? Great God, how I bleed!

Ebbing away, ebbing away;

The light of the day

Is turning to gray;

Pray! Pray!

Our Father in heaven—boys, tell me the rest,

While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my
breast.

There's something about forgiveness of sin;

Put that in; put that in, and then

I'll follow your words, and say an Amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand;

And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand,

When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged
cloud,

And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?

Where's Wilson, my comrade? Here, stoop down
your head;

Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

“Christ-God, who died for sinners all,

Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;

Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
 Unheeded by Thy gracious eye;
 Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,
 And take him pleading to Thy arms;
 Forgive, oh, Lord, his lifelong sin,
 And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn;
 'Tis a light to my path when my sight has grown dim
 I am dying! Bend down till I touch you once more;
 Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
 Confusion to enemies—keep hold of my hand—
 And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
 Your tired knee, that has so much to bear—
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight;
 You do not prize the blessing overmuch,
 You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it *is* blessedness. A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day.
 We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me
 That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
 I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest.
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee,

This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand has slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave have tripped,
I could not blame you for the heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that their foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There's no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumped by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—MAY RILEY SMITH.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

I MET a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets, too, and fragrant zone;

She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pawing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong she would bend and sing
A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew;
And sure in language strange, she said:
“I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side.

I saw pale kings, and princes, too,
Pale warriors—death-pale were they all;
They cried: “La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall.”

I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
With horrid warning gapèd wide;
And I awoke and found me—here
On the cold hill-side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

—JOHN KEATS.

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NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

SHE stands upon the dungeon floor,
Swathed in her night-black hair.
She does not pray, she does not weep,
Despair is still when it is deep
And knows not moan or prayer.

She dare not move her fettered feet
To stamp in frenzy's might,
She fears the clanking chain to hear;
It rouses phantoms full of fear
In the dead, silent night.

So, mute and motionless she stands,
But through her fevered brain
The thronging memories go and come,
Unshadowed by the pall of doom,
Untainted by the dungeon gloom—
A bright, but mocking train.

In gorgeous pleasure-halls she seems
To sweep, a festal queen;
White curves her proud neck, jewel-bound,
Dark wreathes her tresses, plume encrowned,
Stately yet soft her mien.

Gems clasp the arm's unsullied snow
That rusty chains now hide;
And *he* had clasped them, kneeling low,
With the fond grace she learned to know
And watch for with a guilty glow—
She, she another's bride.

His rare, soft eyes! a serpent guile—
In their dark shadow lay,
Subtle in beauty, strong in power,
That watched for her unguarded hour
And made her life its prey.

She gave him all that woman can—
Surrendered him her soul;
She would have walked with him through hell,
Nor heard the tortured spirits yell,
Led by his presence-mastering spell
And passion's wild control.

She had done for him—what? Oh, God!
The haunting horror comes!
She sees the dead, the murdered dead,
With livid, poison hues o'erspread!
His kind, true lips, his hoary head—
How plain the specter looms!

God! what a horror in its look!
Calm, sad, but stern as fate;
She feels that it foretells the doom
That, past the scaffold, past the tomb,
Glares at her from Hereafter's gloom,
And ever shrieks "Too Late!"

She can not bear it; she must scream,
Though all the fiends awake,
No, it is gone! it leaves her now
With the cold sweat upon her brow
And limbs that cramp and quake.

Deep silence fills the freezing cell;
Not even her pulses stir.
Hark! what faint sound falls on her ear!
The note of the far chanticleer,

Crying, "The morning laugheth near,"
What brings that day to her?

That awful day that comes—her last!
Horror congeals her blood.
A vision of that day appears,
A sea of faces turns to hers;
And what is this that clasps, that stirs?
The rope—the rope—oh, God!

It tightens, chokes! No, it is but
A coil of clammy hair;
She flings it like a serpent off,
But still she hears the crowd's deep scoff,
Still those dark ranks appear.

A thousand cold, unpitying eyes
Turn to her standing there,
Intent to see the fatal rope
Throttle the struggling life and hope,
And swing the soul beyond the scope
Of earth and time—oh! where?

She starts—amid that sea-like throng
One face a frenzy brings.
He comes to gloat on her despair,
His look, *his* scorn she will not bear;
Forward she springs to curse him there.
Her footing fails, black grows the air!
Just Heaven! she swings, she swings!

* * * * *

She falls upon the dungeon floor,
In deep and deadly swoon;
The night's wild dreams and fears are o'er,
Would she might lie there evermore,
Nor wake for sun or moon!

But she will wake from that brief rest
 To hear the hammer's sound
 Upon her scaffold's lofty height.
 And she will go, all cold and white,
 And act the vision of to-night
 Before the gazing crowd.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED—a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen,
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come.
 And, oh! the thundering press of knights,
 When, as their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
 And don your helms amain;
 Death's couriers, fame and honor, call
 Us to the field again.
 No shrewish tears shall fill our eyes,
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand.
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
 For the fairest in the land.
 Let piping swain and craven wight
 Thus weep and puling cry;
 Our business is, like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die.

—MOTHERWELL.

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown;
Och hone, Widow Machree!
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black
gown;
Och hone, Widow Machree!
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl;
Och hone, Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, now the summer is come;
Och hone! Widow Machree!
When everything smiles should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! Widow Machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree.
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake—they wish;
Och hone! Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, when winter comes in;
Och hone! Widow Machree.
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin;
Och hone! Widow Machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,

And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit ye sup;
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree;
 Och hone! Widow Machree!
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me;
 Och hone! Widow Machree!
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to sit by the fire,
 And sure hope is no liar
 In whispering to me:
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart;
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

PLAYING BEGGARS.

“LET us pretend we two are beggars.” “No;
 For beggars are im—something bad.
 You *know* they are, for papa calls them so;
 And papa, when he calls them that, looks mad.
 You should have seen him how he frowned one day
 When mamma gave his wedding-coat away.

“Well, now, he can't get married any more,
 Because he has no wedding-coat to wear.
 But that poor, ragged soldier at our door
 Was starved to death in prison once somewhere,
 And shot dead somewhere else—and it was right
 To give him coats, because he had to fight.

“ Now let's be beggars. They are im—postors; yes
That's what they are; im—postors; and that means
Rich people, for they all *are* rich, I guess—
Richer than we are; rich as Jews or queens,
And they're just playing beggars when they cry,
Then let us play like they do—you and I.

“ Draw your mouth down like this, and, mind,
Shut up one eye, and get all over dust;
And say this:

‘ Lady, be so very kind
As to give me some water. Well, I must
Rest on your step, I think, ma'am, for awhile;
I've walked full twenty, if I've walked one mile.

“ ‘ Lady, this is your little girl, I know.
She is a beautiful child—and just like you.
You look too young to be her mother, though!
This handsome boy is like his father, too.
The gentleman was he who passed this way,
And looked so cross—so pleasant, I *should* say.

“ ‘ But trouble, lady—trouble puts me wrong.
Lady, I'm sure you'll spare a dress or two.
You look so stylish (oh! if I was strong!)
And shoes? Yours are too small. I need them new—
The money—thank you! Now you have some tea,
And flour and sugar you'll not miss, for me.

“ ‘ Ah! I forgot to tell you that my house
Was burned last night. My baby has no bread,
And I'm as poor, ma'am, as a cellar mouse.
My husband died once; my grandmother's dead.
She was a good soul, lady—so are you.
Have you a little grain of coffee, too?’ ”

' Oh, it's too long. I can't say half of *that*!
 I'll not be an im—postor, anyhow.
 (But I should like to give one my torn hat,
 So I could get a prettier one, just now.)
 They're worse than Christians, ghosts, or—anything!
 —I'll play that I'm a great man or a king."
 —MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

LAST Valentine's-day came a letter so gay,
 With hearts all around—above and below,
 Saying: "I love you, sweetest maid; but to tell you so I'm
 afraid."

Now, who such message sent I should very much like to know.

I should very much like to know
 Who it *could* be that wrote so—
 I should very much like to know.

As I walked last night in the calm moonlight,
 Some one in the shadows whispered very low:
 "What a pretty girl is she; how I wish she'd fancy me."
 Now, who this can be I should very much like to know.

I should very much like to know,
 Who whispered soft and low,
 I should very much like to know.

A gypsy in the wood said she'd tell me something good;
 She said his name began with an O;
 And he'd surely marry me, for it was his destiny.

Now who this can be I should very much like to know—
 I should very much like to know
 Whose name begins with an O,
 I should very much like to know.

“EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.”

ONCE in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
“Even this shall pass away.”

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
“What is wealth?” the king would say;
“Even this shall pass away.”

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: “Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away.”

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.

Groaning from his tortured side,
“Pain is hard to bear,” he cried,
“But with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away.”

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, “What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away.”

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he, with his dying breath,
“Life is done, but what is death?”
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
“Even this shall pass away.”

—Unknown.

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN *the Sultan Shah-Zaman*
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room—
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with sirup, tinctured with spice,

Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, and smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains, with a henna-plant, the tips
Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but, alas! *that* rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then, at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Glide in like ships from fairy-land,
Making a sudden mist in air
Of fleecy veils and floating hair,
And white arms lifted. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
And, there, in this Eastern paradise,
Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes, and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as tongue can say,
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

“I WILL HAVE HER CHEWING-GUM.”

(A parody on “Curfew shall not ring to-night.”)

THE bright-red sun was setting on the egg of morrow's
dawn,
As a Vassar girl strolled, pigeon-toed, a-down the level lawn;
And the fading rays with roses wreathed the hair of one
who lay
In the gath'ring twilight lonely, filled with terror and
dismay.
“She may cry and howl and kick up; but she wouldn't
do my sum,
And I'll never, never, never let her chew my chewing-
gum!”

“Teacher,” Bessie's white lips faltered, as she pointed to
the maid,
“Do you hear that horrid creature? Do you know what
she has said?
In her dark and gloomy pocket she has twenty sticks of
spruce,
And she says that I shall have none—I! her only friend,
her chum;”

And she spoke in husky whispers, "I *must* have her chewing-gum!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the teacher (every word froze in her ear),

"For years I've taught at Vassar, and I will not interfere; I know the regulations, and respect the rules and laws; I'm here to educate your mind, and not supply your jaws. I have done my duty ever; I've been cool, discreet and mum;

But I can't make Bertha Underwood give you her chewing-gum."

Wild the girl's eyes, pale her features, as she totters up the stair,

And the dew drops fall in soft pity as the stars see her despair. Not a moment stops the maiden till she gains the upper flight,

And stands out in the darkness like an angel carved in light.

Now she enters Bertha's chamber, and she pants, "Now let her come;"

Still her frightened heart's wild beating, "I *must* have her chewing-gum!"

Far out, the distant city seems a tiny, sparkling speck, Where she well remembers often buying spruce gum by the peck.

Above, the throbbing heavens seemingly reflect her soul, In which the spheres of vengeance their mighty music roll.

Shall she still their diapason? Shall she smite their anthems dumb?

She crushes swift the feeling; she *must* have that chewing-gum.

Quick she strips the bed of clothing, quick she wraps her
in a sheet,

And the garment, winding tenderly, clothes her from head
to feet.

Then in a darkened corner, like a member of the host
Who sometimes wander back to earth, she stands, a rigid
ghost.

And, panting, still she listens till she hears the fairy drum
Of Bertha's fairy footsteps bringing up that chewing-gum.

Such a yell! A quivering figure lies trembling on the floor;
The very winds stop sighing as they shrink back from the
door.

Swift the ghostly Bessie steals from where the gath'ring
shadows curl,

And bends, grim and determined, before the prostrate girl.
With trembling hands she searches in the pocket of her
chum,

And cries out in her triumph, "*I have got her chewing-*
gum."

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THE AVENGING GHOST.

THEY were two brothers, dwelling by the sea
In an old mansion, hoary with long years;
Shadowed by dark old cedars, facing cliffs
That jutted sheer to the green, foaming waves
Breaking against their base. They were the last
Of a proud race, save an old gray-haired sire.
And they three dwelt in that old sea-beat home,
They—and one other—a sweet orphan girl,
Willowy and tall, with the dark eyes and hair
Of her dead mother—she whom the old man

Had loved in youth and who had left her child,
When she lay dying, to his faithful care.
Her trust was well fulfilled, the girl had grown
To womanhood with scarce a care to cloud
Her lovely brow, save some sweet yearning for
The sympathy and presence of her sex.
Carlyon and Vance had been to her for long
Only as brothers; till one fateful day,
When she had been in peril of her life,
On a lone sand bar that the rising tide
Threatened to whelm with her—(her skiff being gone.)
Each brother in his boat rowed for dear life
To reach her ere the waves rose to her lips;
And Carlyon reached her first, and gathering her
In his impassioned arms pressed kisses warm—
Too warm for a brother—on her trembling mouth.
And Vance looked on, a darkness on his brow,
A gleam, like sullen lightning, in his eye.
And from that hour fraternal love was turned
To hate and jealousy, though he kept it locked
Deep in his breast, and brooded on it there,
And gave no sign, even when the wedding-day
Drew close at hand. It came at last.
The brothers both set forth on the calm bay
To bring the priest from the village, whose white spires
Were traced on the blue sky. The day was calm,
But nursed on its hot breast a storm that woke
Near sunset, with an eye of flame, a breath
That tossed the waters. From her balcony,
In her white bride-dress, Elan stood and watched,
Anxious yet not distressed, she knew how well
The two could breast the billows in their boat
With sinewy arms and skillful oars. She stood
Till fell the twilight, then the boat came back,
But not the bridegroom: he, alas! was drowned,

Had perished in the capsizing of the boat.
So said his brother; and he was believed;
There was none to gainsay his word; the priest,
Scared at the storm, had shaken his hoary head
And muttered 'twas too ominous a day
For a bridal.

Ah, the young bride's grief,
The old father's anguish! Carlyon was his pride,
And Vance was wild-eyed, ghastly as the corpse
The cruel waves cast on the shore next day.
Deep gloom settled upon the dreary house
Hid in the cedar shades; the billows' moan
Was echoed drearily from Elan's lips.

But Time passes a healing hand over wounds,
However deep. As months and months went on
Vance dared to speak his love; his father urged
Elan to take the nearer tie upon her heart,
And so, once more a wedding-day broke clear,
And Vance and Elan sat upon the porch
In the soft twilight; round her slender waist
His arm was folded, and he drew to his
Her passive lips—no passionate joy was hers—
Her heart was buried in that sea-washed grave.
But *he*—was all a-throb with burning love
And restless, feverish triumph, and he drank
The wine of that sweet kiss with eager lips.
Murmuring, "My own—" but suddenly broke off,
Turned ghastly—trembled like a storm-blown reed,
And started from her side. "What is it?" she cried,
In her amaze. "Do you not see? Look there!
Look at his dead-white face—his dripping hair;
And yet his eyes are wide; they gaze at me,
Oh, God! with just that look of wild, sad pain

And deep reproach as when I thrust him down
Back into the water with the oar that had struck
The fatal blow; there is its bloody mark!
Do you not see? Just God! he beckons me;
He points out to the sea—yes, I will go—
There is no help; no rest; I've fought it long.
The bride I've sinned for never shall be mine,
A briny bed, the embrace of fiends be mine."

With these wild words, he rushed straight to the cliff,
And flung himself sheer from its beetling brow
Down in the boiling, rock-tormented waves.
The ghost of his dead brother had avenged
His cruel murder. On that lonely house
And fated girl settled a rayless gloom,
A shadow darker than the cedars cast.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story:

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell—
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow. Look! the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go;
I can not rise to place and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose, and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And, like a wounded bird, her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee;
She curled his hair, and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin;
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

—JOHN HAY.

A GOLDEN RULE OF FIVE.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of WHOM you speak,
To WHOM you speak,
And HOW, and WHEN, and WHERE.

FALSE OR TRUE?

THE woman I loved has been gone a year—
 (A year from my lips, a year from my breast!)-
I saw her lie cold on her flow'r-strewn bier
 Ere they bore her away to her lonely rest.

I had loved her as never man loved before,
 Or promised maiden or plighted wife:
I have mourned for her loss upon sea and shore,
 And known, without her, a death in life.

I have sought for her spirit by day and night—
 (Oh! for a look, for a touch, for a breath,
For a whispered word from my soul's delight
 To bring me life from the realms of Death!)

Thus have I lived for a whole long year,
 But my comrades have never known aught of this;
And one has just whispered a word in my ear,
 A word to give comfort, nor take amiss;

“You are well, my friend, you are gay,” he said;
 “I am glad at heart that they told me true;
I had feared you were mourning for one who is dead,
 And who should have been nothing to you.”

And then he told me of how he knew—
 And of how he would prove to me by and by
That the one I had loved so well was untrue,
 That her life had been all a lie.

And I? I answered him never a word—
 I uttered no cry, nor of rage nor pain,
But stood blankly staring, and meekly heard—
 In an hour he will come again.

He will bring me the proofs in black and white,
Written words in a well-feigned hand;
But *I* shall know how to read aright—
I shall profit and understand!

Here have I sat since he said his say—
(An hour? A year? How long ago?)—
So her lips could lie, and her eyes betray?
In an hour I shall read and know!

Yet the lips in this pictured face look true,
And the eyes gaze so tenderly back into mine!
The lips are so red, and the eyes so blue,
But mute, they can give no sign!

Speak, lips that are silent! Speak, questioning eyes!
Come back, light step, to the echoing stair!
I have called to her thus till she seemed to rise
And stand in the door-way, there.

Will she come to-night in silvery veil,
With an angel-luster around her brow?
Will she cling to my knees as a penitent pale?
No matter! I know her now!

I know her now, that woman who died,
With her pleading voice and her earnest gaze—
Her false blue eyes, and her lips that lied,
And her treacherous, winning ways.

Yet the lips in her pictured face look true . . .
Sweetest of lips that are sealed and set!
Tenderest eyes, that are closed to view—
Shall my mind mistrust thee, my soul forget?

Cold she lay on her flower-strewn bier—
I could not question, nor she reply;

And now, when her heart has been still but a year,
Shall I list to a slander against my dear?

He may come, he may speak, but I will not hear!
She is mine—I am hers—till I die.

—VIOLET FANE.

THE WORTHIEST HEAD.

“Lo!” the tall archangel said,
“A crown of peace for the worthiest head.”

His messenger angel took the crown,
And bore it far through the ether down,

To the whirling ball where mortals dwell.
He went from palace to hut and cell.

He peered through the dim cathedral gloom
Through the battle smoke where cannons boom.

He stole through the wreath of dancers gay;
He paused where cloistered women pray;

Still seeking that worthiest mortal brow
To wear the beautiful crown he bore.

Long he paused by a matron grand,
Who gave good gifts from her gentle hand;

Who carried cheer and help to the poor,
Whom sick ones blessed when she crossed their door

Outstretched he held the crown; but—“No!”
Said a voice, “Not here your wreath bestow.”

At last he came to a tenement old—
The night was damp and the wind was cold—

A pale girl over her sewing bent,
The midnight lamp to her forehead lent

A marble hue, as she stitched the while,
And yet her lips wore a restful smile.

Doing her duty with honest pride;
Breasting temptation on every side;

Caring for one who was old and cross;
Bearing bravely Love's saddest loss.

"For her the crown," the low voice said;
And peace was dropped on the girlish head.

"No time, no wealth for alms has she;
But duty is higher than charity."

—SARAH K. BOLTON.

MARY OF THE GLEN.

"HAS anybody spoke for you, Mary of the Glen?
Is there a heart that's broke for you, Mary of the Glen?
I have lands, and I have leases; I have fields and cattle too,
I have sheep with finest fleeces: Can I marry you?"

"Nobody, sir, has spoke for me, Mary of the Glen.
There is no heart that's broke for me, Mary of the Glen.
But there is blue-eyed Willie, who labors with the men,
Who brings the sweet pond-lily for Mary of the Glen.

"He has neither lands nor leases, but his cheek is cherry red;
And finer than your fleeces are the curls upon his head.
And though he's never spoke for me, I know he loves me
true;

And his heart it would be broke for me if I should marry you.
No, no, no; I *can not* marry you."

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

(From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vava-
sour, at London.)

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why can not my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy, while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hill, valleys, rocks, waters and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blasts blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;

And oh! from its ivory portal
 Like music his soft speech must flow!—
 If he speak, smile or walk like a mortal,
 My own Araminta, say “No!”

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
 Don't hear what they say of his birth,
 Don't look at his seat in the county,
 Don't calculate what he is worth;
 But give him a theme to write verse on,
 And see if he turns out his toe;
 If he's only an “excellent person”—
 My own Araminta, say “No!”

—WINTHROP M. PRAED.

HER TREASURES.

I KEEP them in the old, old box
 That Willie gave me years ago,
 The time we parted on the rocks;
 His ship lay swinging to and fro,
 At waiting in the lower bay.
 I thought my heart would break that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
 Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
 Who took the West Point highest prize;
 He went half crazy for my sake.
 Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
 And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
 I never took a ring from *him*!
 This was a gift from Howard Clay.
 Just see, the pearls are getting dim.

They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.

I used to visit at his home—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee—
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh, no! I sent *his* letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill—
Poor Jack! he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
Those foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are *such* handsome men.
We go to France next year again.

This is the doctor's signet ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirll:
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that lock forsook;
You know, but you could never guess:
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled,

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf—
He's not a by-gone. In a year
I'll tell you all about *him*, dear.

—MARY AINGE DE VERE.

HIS BIG BROTHER.

ONE cold winter morning, a noted divine
Stopped writing his sermon, just at the third line,
To answer a summons. He stepped to the door,
Where his servant was waiting with words to implore
His sanction to give a poor boy some aid.
“For, indeed he is starving,” she said, “I’m afraid.
He is blue with the cold, and hungry, I know.”
Half scared at her boldness, the girl turned to go.
“Just tell him to wait until I come down,”
The minister said, with a dignified frown;
Then turned to his sermon—its theme was the one
Of man’s love for his brother, as taught by God’s Son.
Meantime, starving and shivering, outside the door
The patient child waited for what was in store.
At last his great honor was ready to greet
The half-frozen boy who stood in the street.
“Are you hungry, my lad?” in a deep voice he said.
“I am starving. Please, sir, will you give me some
bread?”
“Jane, bring out the crusts that are likely to waste—
And now, then, my lad, ere I give you a taste

Of the bread, some religious impression I'll make
 Ere I offer a crust for charity's sake.
 Do you ever pray?" "I don't know the way."

"You don't? Well, I'll show you. Repeat what I say:
 'Our Father' "—how strong the voice sounded, and
 deep!

"'Our Father' "—the child's voice is trembling and weak.
 "Now, 'which art in heaven'—why don't you repeat?"
 "Why, *is* He *your* Father and *mine*?" "Yes; repeat."
 "Why, you're my big brother. Of course; you *must* be;
 And ain't you ashamed to give such crusts to *me*?"

—EMMA EDDINGTON.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

I EXPLAINED my exact situation,
 I told her my clients were few,
 That life would be full of privation
 And want, at the best we could do.

She said we could live in a cottage,
 And love should abide with us there;
 We would dine on a *menu* of pottage,
 And breakfast and lunch upon air.

She knew how to make a home pretty,
 And how to economize, too;
 And she grew sarcastic and witty
 Over "splurge" and wasteful ado.

No carpets, for instance, were needed,
 The floors should be inlaid and bare;
 And Persian rugs rarely exceeded
 Some six hundred dollars a pair.

The doors, with their creaking and slamming,
We would have none of *them* in this place;
She would prefer elegant hangings—
An occasional arras of lace.

I gazed at the ceiling above me,
And my face wore a look of dismay,
She sobbed out: "You surely don't love me,
Or you never would look in that way."

—CHARLES H. PHELPS.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids, it seems but an hour
ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares, returning blow
for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say: "My men, teach me the
way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side torn terribly with
shot,
But still he feebly beat his drum, as though his wounds
were not;
And when the Mameluke's wild horse burst with a sudden
cry,
He said: "Oh, men of the Forty-third, teach me the way
to die!"

"My mother has got other sons, with stouter hearts than
mine,
But none more ready blood for France to pour out free as
wine.

Yet still, life's sweet," the brave lad moaned, "fair are this
earth and sky—

Then, comrades of the Forty-third, teach me the way to
die."

I saw Salenche of the granite heart wiping his burning
eyes—

It was, by far, more pitiful than mere loud sobs and cries;
One bit his cartridge till his lip grew black as winter sky;
And still the boy moaned: "Forty-third, teach me the way
to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to heaven, they strode into the
fray;

I saw their red plumes join and wave, and slowly melt
away.

The last that went, a wounded man, bade the poor lad
good-bye,

And said: "We men of the Forty-third teach you the way
to die."

I never saw so sad a look as the poor young drummer cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon in cloud and whirlwind
passed;

Earth shook, and heaven answered; I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly said: "The Forty-third teach me the way to
die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch, he limped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip, had neither strength nor might;
But, proudly beating on his drum, a fever in his eye,
I heard him cry: "The Forty-third taught me the way to
die!"

They found him on the morrow, stretched on a heap of
dead,

His hand was in the grenadier's, who, at his bidding, bled.

They hung a medal round his neck, and closed his dauntless eye.

On the stone they cut: "The Forty-third taught him the way to die."

SCIENCE VS. FACT.

A METAPHYSICAL DILEMMA.

A LEARNED professor, once making a speech
To a bevy of youngsters attempted to teach
This nice point of mystical lore:
How a thing can be mended and mended again,
Until of its primitive parts none remain,
And still be the same thing as before.

Then one of his hopeful disciples arose
And said: "By your leave, sir, I wish to propose
A question: for once in my life
I bought me a jack-knife; it had but one blade;
The blade was soon lost, but another was made;
Pray tell, was it still the same knife?"

The professor declared his assent, and the youth,
With the air of an amateur seeker of truth—
And now holding a knife up to view—
Resumed: "Next the handle was lost, but ere long
I had it replaced by another as strong;
Pray, is this the same old knife or a new?"

"It is still the same weapon; the truth is quite clear,"
Quoth the doctor; but young Academicus here
Another like weapon disclosed.

"It is made of the old blade and handle," quoth he.

"Pray tell us, professor, what knife *this* may be?"

It is plain the professor was posed!

—O. G.

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THE LAST TRYST.

“Pledge me in Death’s black wine!” she cried.

—*Old Ballad.*

THE tide of the river flows dark as death,
Where the shelving banks the rays eclipse,
The winds in the laurels hold their breath;
Beyond lie the dead in their marble crypts.
Cold in the silence of hoary shade.

The roar of the city’s human tide
Is drowned by the river’s hoarse cascade,
While the sunset’s pageant—purple, wide—
Floods the rim of the misty hill.

Vance, in the face of its solemn light,
Do you dare this glass with wine to fill
And bid me drink to our parting night?
Here, as we stand on this beetling rock,
While the river gurgles with grim delight,
To know that a step or a sudden shock
Would send me down to its watery night.
With the dead back there, and the sunset here,
And that deep death tempting me down below,
Do you dare, with never a prayer or tear,
To say: “We are parting—it must be so.
There is another claims my life—

A love that is fruitful as summer rain,
Ours is barren and marred with strife,
Crossed with fever and dashed with pain.

Forget it; sing the songs of your land,
Winged-soul that I’ve held for an hour,
Like a wild bird in my careless hand,

I loose you. Go with your sweet song-dower.”

You can say this with your lips—your eyes,
That hold all the light of the world for me?
Well, there's no call for reproach or for sighs,
They would but weary you—let it be.
Free! Oh, yes, I am free. The bird
You held in your hand you have loosed, you say,
To sing and soar as of old, and be heard
Above love's mists in a higher day.
It is too late. The wing and the song
Have been shaped too long by that prisoning hand,
Freedom is idle, and life is long,
And death is a spring in a desert land.
Sweeter to weary lips than wine,
So I will not drink yours. I pour it down,
Amber-bright in the sunset-shine
Into the waters. Do not frown,
I will pledge good-bye in a costlier drink—
Charged with a deeper, a subtler spell,
Dipped from a darker river's brink;
For I could not lose you and live. Farewell!

—MARY E. BRYAN.

SHADOWS.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us—
The air had the smell of June—
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon
Drew our shadows on the meadow
Distorted and lank and tall;

His shadow was kissing my shadow,
And that was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
“ I love you, Margery Lee,”
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

“ I love you, Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair,
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your sunny hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at your feet.

“ My heart will break with its fullness,
Like a cloud overcharged with rain;
Oh, tell me, Margery, darling,
How long we must love in vain!”
With blushes and smiles I answered,
(I'll not tell you what)—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only—
I promised to love but him,
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim.
Oh, the strength of man's devotion!
Oh, the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,

And married a cross-eyed widow,
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart, do you fancy,
For a love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows,
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again;
And a low voice keeps repeating—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together—
“ I love you, Margery, dear.

“ ’Tis not for your cheeks’ rich crimson,
And not for your eyes’ soft blue,
But because your heart is tender
And noble and pure and true.”
The voice is dearer than Harry’s,
And so I am glad, you see
He married the cross-eyed widow,
Instead of Margery Lee.

MY PRETTY NEIGHBOR IN THE ATTIC.

HIDDEN from my envious vision
Only by a thin partition,
In another bedroom attic,
Small, but yet aristocratic—
Mistress of that dormitory,
Goddess of the upper story—
Is a girl, young, pure, untainted,
Fair as ever Raphael painted.

In the dim and early morning,
Ere the bell has given warning,
I can hear her bare feet patting
On her chamber's humble matting;
Hear the ice clink in the basin
That she laves her lovely face in.

Down the long stairs tripping lightly,
With elastic motion sprightly,
Some light measure humming gayly,
To her work she passes daily;
While I, from my friendly shutter,
Watch her garments' playful flutter
Till, unmindful of *my* being,
She has vanished from my seeing.

When the Sabbath comes in pity
To the tired hearts of the city,
Then she dons her other bonnet,
With the azure ribbons on it,
And, demure as any dervis,
Goes to church and minds the service.

Not one word has passed between us;
Yet, as evening waits for Venus,
Wait I for my pretty neighbor's
Coming homeward from her labors,
Though no word her lips will utter
To the watcher at the shutter.

Loveliest of the landlord's tenants,
Still I sit here doing penance,
Waiting for you—graceful comer—
As the cold earth waits for summer.
Hist! my heart's keen understanding
Hears her footfall on the landing.

She is coming—she is coming!
Some gay ballad softly humming.
Gone! into that dormitory;
Shut up like a morning-glory,
Prisoned in that lonesome cloister
Like a pearl within an oyster.

—*Argonaut*

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.”

THERE has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right. When you can not
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
“A stiff upper lip!”

Though you can not escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear.
If when for life's prizes
You're running, you trip,
Get up—start again,
“Keep a stiff upper lip!”

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean.
But hold on to the pure
And the right with firm grip,

And though hard be the task,
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend.
Only yield when you must,
Never "give up the ship,"
But fight on to the last
With a "stiff upper lip."

—PHEBE CARY

THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW.

O'ER Devil's Hill the Day-king still
His amber robe is trailing;
Floats up to sight the Queen of Night,
Her white, sweet face unveiling.
In silver cars the counter stars
With leal allegiance follow;
As kling-go-ling, the cow-bells ring
Adown the Devil's Hollow.

How smooth and hard the boulevard
This autumn eve for walking;
Beneath the cliffs in mist-hid skiffs
I hear the fishmen talking.
Above the bridge, 'round Devil's Ridge,
Still flits the tardy swallow;
As kling-go-ling, the cow-bells ring
Adown the Devil's Hollow.

Oh, mystic scene! the still ravine,
The bridge, the elm, the river!

For love and rhyme this twilight time
 Should linger here forever.
 No meeter field was e'er revealed
 For Daphne and Apollo,
 As kling-go-ling, the cow-bells ring
 Adown the Devil's Hollow.

Though nights to be come fair for me
 Beyond my fancy's bringing,
 Where light shall steer some gondolier
 With maid to zithern singing;
 From distance long shall float the song
 Above their tra-la-la-la!
 The klang-go-lang, the cow-bells rang
 Adown the Devil's Hollow.

—HENRY T. STANTON, *author of* "The Moneyless Man."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
 Let us go back below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt-tides seaward flow,
 Now the white sea-horses play
 Champ, and chaff and toss the spray;
 Children, dear, let us away;
 Let us go back below.

But call her once before you go;
 Call once yet
 In a voice that she will know,
 "Margaret—Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;

Children's voices, wild with pain,
She must hear, and come again.
Call once more, then come away—
 This way! this way!

“Mother, dear, we can not stay;
Come back to our sea-cave under the bay.
Come—the wild horses foam and fret—
 Margaret! Margaret!”
Come, dear children; come away down—
 Call no more.

One last look at the white-walled town
And the gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down, come away;
She would not hear though you called all day

Children, dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells o'er the bay,
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of that silver bell?
 Children, dear, was it yesterday?

She sat that day with you and me
On a coral throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest one sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the earthly bell.
She sighed; she looked up through the clear green sea.
She said: “I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
At a little gray church on the shore to-day.
’Twill be Easter-tide in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee.”
I said: “Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.”

She smiled; she went up through the surf of the bay—
Children, dear, was it yesterday?

Children, dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
“Long prayers,” I said, “in the world, they say.
Come, children.” We rose through the surf of the
bay;

We went up the beach in the sandy down,
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow-paved streets where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without, in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves—on the stones worn with
rains;

And gazed up the aisles through the small window-
panes.

She sat by the pillar—we saw her clear,
Her white bowed neck and her sunny hair.

“Margaret, hist! come quick! we are here,
Dear heart,” I said, “we are here alone;
The sea grows stormy; the little ones moan.”

But, ah! she gave me never a look,
Her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

“Loud prays the priest; shut is the door.
Come away, children; call no more.
She will not hear, though you call all day.
She will never come back to our cave in the bay.
Come away, children; come away.”

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,

When spring-tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back, come down.
Singing, “There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea.”

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[Copyrighted 1887, by George Munro.]

LOST IN THE CLOUDS.

“ALMOST ready,” they hear him say,
The daring rider of air and cloud,
“Almost ready,” he calls to the crowd;
See the monster!” they cry aloud
“See her roll; see her sway,
She tugs to get free—ah, soon, quite soon
We shall see her rise—the big balloon.”

With hand on the net of rope
That is holding his eager sky ship down

The aeronaut stands; from foot to crown
A being of life and hope.
He smiles on all—and on one most fair,
When—a jerk—a start—up in the air
Springs the balloon!—and he tangled there !

Caught in a coil, swings there,
Held fast as the monster springs on high—
He is free! But to fall would be to die;
So he clings in grim despair
To the ropes that save him from instant death;
No hope of help from the crowd beneath,
They can only shudder and hold their breath.

Up through the blue of June
Cleaving the winds in joyous strife,
Like a thing of wild defiant life
Up springs the great balloon.
Faint come the cries of the crowd below,
Faint *her* shriek of frenzied woe,
Dim grows the earth in its summer glow.

Up, up, through the pathless air,
The winds go by with a mocking cry
The low sun glares with pitiless eye.
His lips can frame no prayer
As he clings with quick and laboring breath
To the only bar between him and death.

Night—fearful night!—comes on,
And the moving clouds take ghost-like forms,
And hover around in darkening swarms;
But higher—and they are gone,
And the stars look down with cold, pale eyes,
And silence is wide as the boundless skies.

'Tis a fearful thing, I ween,
 To float—a wreck—on a stormy sea,
 While the breakers, muttering hoarse on the lea,
 By the lightning's glare are seen;
 But oh! to be lost in a sea of air,
 With no sound and no living creature there—
 Alone, with a horrible despair!

Ha! what was that startled scream!
 Just Heaven! is the longed-for earth so near,
 That its blessed sounds may reach his ear?

Alas, for the transient dream!
 An eagle with earth-damp wing flaps by
 And turns and looks with a startled cry
 At so strange a sight in the lonely sky.

Ay; scream in your fierce despair;
 Cry to the bird that has swiftly flown,
 Bid him not leave you, to die alone;
 Then sob out a pitiful prayer,
 For feebly your cold hands keep their clasp—
 'Tis death that is loosening their frenzied grasp

* * * * * *

Down, down like a wounded bird,
 Wavers now the shrunk balloon,
 Past is the brief, brief night of June,
 Day dawns, but it brings no hopeful boon,
 And his pulse is scarcely stirred,
 At sight of the beautiful earth once more,
 The woods, the lake with its emerald shore.

For hope and strength are done,
 He looses his hold, with a prayer for rest;
 He drops down, down to the lake's blue breast,

While rises the gladdening sun.
A splash—that startles the sleeping crane,
Then the waters close; it is still again.

—MARY E. BRYAN.

[Copyrighted 1887, by George Munro.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

(A recitation suitable at the close of a social reunion.)

WE have drifted with the tide
Past another setting sun;
We are sailing on the edge
Of a day that's almost done.

All have gathered in the cabin,
Just to spend a pleasant hour,
Lest the voyage soon be finished,
And we gather here no more.

We have laid aside divisions,
Here to meet as friend with friend,
As we sail a common voyage
With a common aim and end.

And a parting now there follows
Where the gathering has been;
For a voice is ever calling—
How e'er festive be the scene—

“Watch; the voyage soon is over!
You must surely bid adieu
To the friends you've made while sailing
With the vessel's goodly crew.”

As the tides forever flowing
 Round the human-freighted ships,
 Bear a burden on their bosom—
 Bear a song upon their lips—

Saying farewell to the vessel,
 As it plows their waters through,
 So our tidal flow of feeling
 Bears "good-night" to each of you.

—EUGENE ASHTON.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE."

Reprinted by permission of the holders of the copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, from "The Habitant," by W. H. Drummond. Dr. Drummond was a native of Ireland but received his college education in Canada, and practised medicine in Montreal. He has published several volumes of poems dealing chiefly with the life of the French-Canadian. His work holds first place for its interpretation of the habitant character.

A LEGEND OF LAC ST. PIERRE.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
 De win' she blow blow, blow,
 An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
 Got scar't an' run below—
 For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
 Bimeby she blow some more,
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
 Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
 An' walk de hin' deck too—
 He call de crew from up de hole,
 He call de cook also.
 De cook she's name was Rosie,
 She come from Montreal,

Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captain t'row de big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

BILL'S BLUFF.

Reprinted by permission of the holders of the copyright, from "The Sky Pilot," a tale of Western life by "Ralph Connor." The author, Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, was born in Ontario, educated for the ministry, and spent several years in missionary work in the West. He has written several stories of rural life in the Northwest, and of pioneer days in Ontario, such as "Black Rock," "The Man from Glangarry," "The Prospector," "The Foreigner."

The Sky Pilot, that is, the minister who preached in the schoolhouse to the people of Swan Creek district, was anxious to build a church in that settlement, but the congregation was small, and the man naturally expected to be the leader was a close Scotchman by the name of Bobbie Muir. There had been a meeting in the interests of the proposed church and at the home of the little invalid girl, Gwen, the Pilot was talking over the result with Gwen and a friend. Gwen thought that anyone who would stand in the way of the Pilot's wishes must be a very bad man indeed.

The Pilot smiled. "No, indeed," he answered; "why, he's the best man in the place, but I wish he would say or do something. If he would only get mad and swear I think I should feel happier."

Gwen looked quite satisfied.

"You see, he sits there in solemn silence looking so tremendously wise that most men feel foolish if they speak, while as for doing anything the idea appears preposterous, in the face of his immovableness."

"I can't bear him!" cried Gwen. "I should like to stick pins in him."

"I wish some one would," answered The Pilot. "It would make him seem more human if he could be made to jump."

"Try again," said Gwen, "and get some one to make him jump."

"It would be easier to build the church," said The Pilot gloomily.

"I could make him jump," said Gwen viciously, "and I will," she added, after a pause.

"You!" answered The Pilot, opening his eyes. "How?"

"I'll find some way," she replied resolutely.

When the next meeting was called regarding the church, the congregation were surprised to see Bronco Bill, Hi and half a dozen ranchers and cowboys walk in. The Pilot stated fully the case, appealing strongly for support to erect a new building.

Then followed dead, solemn silence. Robbie was content to wait till the effect of the speech should be dissipated in smaller talk. Then he gravely said:

"The kirk wad be a gran' thing, nae doot, an' they wad a' dootless"—with a suspicious glance toward Bill—"rejoice in its erection. But we maun be cautious, an' I wad like to inquire hoo much money a kirk cud be built for, and whaur the money wad come frae?"

The Pilot was ready with his answer. The cost would be \$1,200. The Church Building Fund would contribute \$200, the people could give \$300 in labour, and the remaining \$700 he thought could be raised in the district in two years' time.

"Ay," said Robbie, and the tone and manner were sufficient to drench any enthusiasm with the chilliest of water. So much was this the case that the chairman, Williams, seemed quite justified in saying:

"It is quite evident that the opinion of the meeting is adverse to any attempt to load the community with a debt of one thousand dollars," and he proceeded with a very complete statement of the many and various objections to any attempt at building a church this year. The people were very few, they were dispersed over a large area, they were not interested sufficiently, they were all spending money and making little in return; he supposed, therefore, that the meeting might adjourn.

Robbie sat silent and expressionless in spite of his little wife's anxious whispers and nudges. The Pilot looked the picture of woe, and was on the point of bursting forth, when the meeting was startled by Bill.

"Say, boys! they hain't much stuck on their shop, heh?" The low, drawling voice was perfectly distinct and arresting.

"Hain't got no use for it, seemingly," was the answer from the dark corner.

"Old Scotchie takes his religion out in prayin', I guess," drawled in Bill, "but wants to sponge for his plant."

This reference to Robbie's proposal to use the school moved the youngsters to tittering and made the little Scotchman squirm, for he prided himself upon his independence.

"There ain't \$700 in the hull blanked outfit." This was a stranger's voice, and again Robbie squirmed, for he rather prided himself also on his ability to pay his way.

"No good!" said another emphatic voice. "A blanked lot o' psalm-singing snipes."

"Order, order!" cried the chairman.

"Old Windbag there don't see any show for swipin' the collection, with Scotchie round," said Hi, with a following ripple of quiet laughter, for Williams' reputation was none too secure.

Robbie was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. So unusually stirred was he that for the first time in his history he made a motion.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," he said, in a voice which actually vibrated with emotion.

"Different here! eh, boys?" drawled Bill.

"You bet," said Hi, in huge delight. "The meetin' ain't out yit."

"Ye can bide till mor-rnin'," said Robbie, angrily.

"A'm gaen hame," beginning to put on his coat.

"Seems as if he orter give the password," drawled Bill.

"Right you are, pardner," said Hi, springing to the door and waiting in delighted expectation for his friend's lead.

Robbie looked at the door, then at his wife, hesitated a moment, I have no doubt wishing her home. Then Bill stood up and began to speak.

Mr. Chairman, I hain't been called on for any remarks——"

"Go on!" yelled his friends from the dark corner.
"Hear! hear!"

"An' I didn't feel as if this war hardly my game, though The Pilot ain't mean about invitin' a feller on Sunday afternoons. But them as runs the shop don't seem to want us fellers around too much."

Robbie was gazing keenly at Bill, and here shook his head, muttering angrily: "Hoots, nonsense! ye're welcome eneuch."

"But," went on Bill, slowly, "I guess I've been on the wrong track. I've been a-cherishin' the opinion" ("Hear! hear!" yelled his admirers), "cherishin' the opinion," repeated Bill, "that these fellers," pointing to Robbie, "was stuck on religion, which I ain't much myself, and reely consarned about the blocking ov the devil, which The Pilot says can't be did without a regular Gospel factory. O' course, it tain't any biznis ov mine, but if us fellers was reely only sot on anything condoocin'," ("Hear; hear!" yelled Hi, in ecstasy) "condoocin'," repeated Bill slowly and with relish, "to the good ov the Order" (Bill was a brotherhood man), "I b'lieve I know whar five hundred dollars mebbe cud per'aps be got."

"You bet your sox," yelled the strange voice, in chorus with other shouts of approval.

"O' course, I ain't no bettin' man," ment on Bill, insinuatingly, "as a regular thing, but I'd gamble a few jist here on this pint; if the boys was stuck on anythin' costin' about seven hundred dollars, it seems to me likely they'd git it in about two days, per'aps."

Here Robbie grunted out an "ay" of such fulness of contemptuous unbelief that Bill paused, and, looking over Robbie's head, he drawled out, even more slowly and mildly:

"I ain't much given to bettin', as I remarked before, but, if a man shakes money at me on that proposition, I'd accommodate him to a limited extent." ("Hear! hear! Bully boy!" yelled Hi again, from the door.) "Not bein' too bold, I cherish the opinion" (again yells

of approval from the corner) "that even for this here Gospel plant, seein' The Pilot's rather sot onto it, I b'lieve the boys could find five hundred dollars inside ov a month, if perhaps these fellers cud wiggle the rest out ov their pants."

Then Robbie was in great wrath and, stung by the taunting, drawling voice beyond all self-command, he broke out suddenly:

"Ye'll no' can mak that guid, I doot."

"D'ye mean I ain't prepared to back it up?"

"Aye," said Robby, grimly.

"'Tain't likely I'll be called on; I guess \$500 is safe enough," drawled Bill, cunningly drawing him on. Then Robbie bit.

"Oo ay!" said he, in a voice of quiet contempt, "the twa hunner will be here and 'twull wait ye long eneuch, I'se warrant ye."

Then Bill nailed him.

"I hain't got my card-case on my person," he said, with a slight grin.

"Left it on the pianner," suggested Hi, who was in a state of great hilarity at Bill's success in drawing the Scottie.

"But," Bill proceeded, recovering himself, and with increasing suavity, "if some gentleman would mark down the date of the almanac, I cherish the opinion' (cheers from the corner) "that in one month from to-day there will be five hundred dollars lookin' round for two hundred on that there desk mebbe, or p'raps you would incline to two-fifty," he drawled, in his most winning tone to Robbie, who was growing more impatient every moment.

"Nae matter tae me. Ye're haverin' like a daft loon, ony way."

"You will make a memento of this slight transaction, boys, and per'aps the schoolmaster will write it down," said Bill.

It was all carefully taken down, and amid much enthusiastic confusion the ranchers and their gang carried Bill off to Old Latour's to "licker up," while

Robbie, in deep wrath, but in dour silence, went off through the dark with his little wife following some paces behind him.

MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE.

Reprinted by permission of the holder of the copyright, R. K. Kernighan, from his selected volume of poems, "The Khan's Canticles." The "Khan" was born in Ontario in 1857, and is well known in the newspaper circles of Hamilton, Winnipeg and Toronto. He is a prolific writer of prose and verse on patriotic and humorous topics. Much of his poetry deals with rural life, and is redolent with everyday philosophy.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone:
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
"Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?"

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
To the seas where the North Star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.
We never will bend the knee,
We'll always and aye be free,

For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
Our brothers are round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest:
And leave a heritage dark with shame,
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
With a chorus southward sent:
“Ye claim to be free—and so are we;
Let your fellow-freeman alone:
For a Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.”

Shall mothers that bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho, brothers, stand to your guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast!
For Canada's sons are true as steel,
Their metal is muscle and bone,
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss,
And the Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross.
Our people shall aye be free,
They never will bend the knee,
For this is the land of the true and leal,
Where freedom is bred in the bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

HOLDING THE REINS.

By "The Khan."

The night was clear, the sleighing good.
The cutter seat not wide;
She snuggled close beneath the robe
To her fond lover's side.
The horse was spirited, and jumped
With frequent tugs and strains,
Until she innocently said,
'Do let me hold the reins.'

They're married now, perhaps because
She was so helpful then;
She loves him well, and he loves her—
Well, it's the way of men.
And yet in all their sweet delight
One sad thought makes him wince;
She held the reins that winter's night—
She's held them ever since.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETY.

Reprinted by permission of the holders of the copyright, from "Duncan Polite," a tale of rural life in Ontario, by Marian Keith (Mrs. D. C. Macgregor). The writer was born near Orillia, Ont., and is now wife of the Presbyterian pastor there. She has written several books dealing with life in the rural Scottish-Canadian settlements.

The Canadian Patriotic Society had been organized by the school-master of the settlement described in the story "Duncan Polite." It aimed to foster patriotism in the breasts of the young Canadians. Meetings were held weekly at the houses of the members during the winter, and as a grand climax they were to give a public concert. The concert programme was to be given in the Methodist church, while refreshments were served in the Temperance Hall across the road. One of the leading features of the evening's entertainment was to be a patriotic address by originally almost entirely Scotch, but in one section there had grown up the member of parliament for the constituency. Now, Glenora had been a strong Irish settlement, and the English also had a fair representation in the neighborhood. The member-elect was, however, an Irishman by the name of Mr. Hayes. We will imagine that the concert had progressed considerably. There have been solos and anthems, recitations, mouth-organ duets, and concertina music, with plenty of candy-throwing by the

audience, and other disturbances to keep the chairman uneasy. But now we come to the event of the evening. Mr. Hayes will now address the audience.

Mr. Hayes arose with the ease and deliberation of an old election campaigner. He was a tall, lean man, with bright, penetrating eyes, and a delightful suspicion of an Irish brogue, a man with hands horny from the plough and a brain that belongs only to the rulers of men. He represented a political party that had its stronghold in Glenoro and its impregnable fortress in the Oa; so he took his place upon the platform amid uproarious stamping and cheering.

Canada could not well have had a better champion. He spoke in the most glowing terms of his beloved land, of her wonderful scenery, her healthful climate, her free, hardy people, her glorious future. He reeled off enough information about her mines, her fisheries, her agricultural resources and her manufactures to fill an encyclopædia. He dilated upon the beauty and grandeur of Canadian scenery. He stood his audience upon the heights of Québec and showed them the whole panorama of their wonderful country in one sentence. He swept from ocean to ocean; he swam the great lakes and sailed down innumerable rivers; he scooped out a canal to Port Nelson and shot across Hudson's Bay; he rolled across the prairies; he hewed down the forest belt; he dug gold in British Columbia; and, finally, he climbed the highest snow-capped peak of the Rocky Mountains and poured down from its dizzy heights the torrents of his eloquence; and when his bewildered hearers recovered from the delightful deluge, they found that the exponent of the Canadian Patriotic Society had skipped across the Atlantic and was thundering forth upon the wonders and beauty of Ireland!

This was a long way from Canada and the aims of the Canadian Patriotic Society, and the chairman's face lost its rapt look. John Egerton hid a smile behind the pulpit desk, and that part of the audience that was of Irish extraction applauded uproariously. When, after nearly half an hour's lauding of the Emerald Isle, the

orator did stop, he was so carried away by his own feelings that he wound up with a stanza recited most thrillingly from "Erin go Bragh," and sat down amid deafening applause without referring in the remotest way to his original text.

Mr. Watson was rising to announce the next piece, in a rather doubtful mood, when a voice from the back called out, with no uncertain sound as to either the sentiments or the origin of its owner, "Wot's the matter with England?"

There was a roar of laughter and a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Hayes rose again. He was too old a politician not to see that he had made a mistake in his one-sided speech. He was about to supplement it, and was beginning, "Ladies and Gentlemen," when a loud voice from the centre of the church interrupted him.

Mr. Sim Basketful had sat with an expression of utter boredom during the latter portion of the member's speech, finally working himself up into a volcanic mood as it neared an end. His face was purple and his short thick neck showed veins standing out dangerously. He might have held down his righteous indignation had it not been for the challenge from the back of the room, but the sight of that "blathering Irishman" rising in response to it was too much. Mr. Basketful was not of Mr. Hayes's political opinions and, besides that, was his rival upon tea-meeting platforms. He had convinced himself that it was due to the Presbyterian minister's interference that he, a Methodist, had been denied the honour of being the speaker of the evening. He, a class-leader in the very church where the performance was given, to be set aside for that Irish Catholic! He would show them all a thing or two before he sat down. He was standing now, looking straight ahead of him, and grasping the back of the seat before him, with true Saxon doggedness.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he shouted, and Mr. Hayes, who had met Sim Basketful many a time in his political campaigns, sat down, somewhat disconcerted.

“Mr. Chairman, ladies *and* gentlemen, if there’s anybody in this ’ere haudience wants to know wot’s the matter with England, I’m ’ere prepared to state, sir, that there ain’t one bloomin’ thing the matter with ’er!” (Loud cheers from his Anglo-Saxon hearers.) “And wot’s more, ladies and gentlemen, *and* Mr. Chairman, I think it’s ’igh time we were ’earin’ just a little about that country that’s made us all wot we are!” (Applause mingled with noises of an indefinite character.) “We’ve been ’earin’ a lot o’ nonsense about Hireland and Hirish scenery and Hirish soldiers, but wot I’d like to be informed about, ladies and gentlemen *and* Mr. Chairman, is, if anybody in this ’ere haudience is under the himpression that a Canadian Patriotic Society is a *Hirish* Society!”

The withering contempt of the last words, and the cheers they elicited, brought the first speaker indignantly to his feet. Not one word could he get in, however. Mr. Basketful was true Briton, and with the aid of a voice which drowned all competitors he clung to his theme with magnificent tenacity. When the noise calmed sufficiently for him to be heard the audience found that he was discoursing fiercely and doggedly upon the inimitable land of his birth.

Sandy Neil, his eyes dancing, slipped out of his place in the choir, and made his way softly down the aisle at the side of the church. “Catchach’s down there,” he whispered to the choir-leader as he passed, “I’m goin’ to stir him up;” and Wee Andra threw back his head with a laugh which blew out the lamp on the organ.

But none of these things moved the patriotic Englishman. He was launched upon his favourite theme—his native land—and was irresistible. England was the only country in the world. He stamped, he sawed the air, he used metaphors and similes and hyperboles in a vain endeavour to give some idea of her glory. He eulogised her commerce, her statesmen, her Queen. He brought up her infantry, he charged with her cavalry, he poured upon his hearers her heavy artillery. And at last, backed by the whole great English navy, he swept

every other country off the face of the globe, and retired to his seat behind the stove, the Wellington of one last, grand, oratorical Waterloo.

Mr. Egerton reached over and, catching the distracted chairman by the sleeve, shouted above the din that if he wanted to avoid further trouble he must either close the meeting or make the choir sing something, and be quick about it. The chairman rose and strove to make his voice heard above the noise, but the chirping of a sparrow in a tempest would have been as effectual.

For down at the other end of the church a most alarming tumult was in progress. Cries of "Order!" and "Sit down!" were mingled with "Go on, Catchach, speak up! Scotland for ever!" and equally ominous sounds. Through the struggling crowd a man was fighting his way fiercely to the platform.

"Order! Order!" shrieked the chairman. But the disorderly person had reached the platform, his red whiskers flying, his blue eyes blazing, and his big fists brandishing threateningly above his head. It was Catchach! The schoolmaster sat down very discreetly and hastily. It was Catchach, worked up to a white fury over the insult to Scotland—Scotland, the flower of creation, to be neglected, while the scum of the earth was being exalted!

"Mister Chairman, ladies an' chentlemen!" he shouted, "I will not be a public spoke, as you will be knowing, put"—He went off into a storm of Gaelic, but suddenly checked himself at the roars of laughter from his Sassenach enemies. The ridicule saved him—and Scotland. He had been incoherent with rage, but that laugh steadied him, and settled him into a cold fury. He would make a speech for the glory of Scotland now, if they pulled the church down about his ears. And he did it, and did it well, too. England was forgotten, Ireland was in oblivion, Canada did not exist. But Scotland! the land of the Heather and the Thistle! Catchach grew wildly poetic over her. The noise of English groans and Irish jeers and Scottish applause was so great, that much of the effusion was lost; but in the intervals of the

uproar could be caught such snatches as "Who iss it that hass won efery great pattle in the last century? Ta Hielanders;" "Who won ta pattle of Palacklafa? To Hielanders!" "Who stormed ta heights of Awlma? Ta Hielanders!"

On he swept down to the last page of history, shouting the answers to this glorious catechism with a ferocious defiance that challenged denial, and at every shout there was an answering roar from the inhabitants of the Oa which threatened to dislodge the roof.

The distracted chairman had not the courage to attempt to stem the torrent. He did not care to obtrude himself inside Catchach's range of vision, for before he was done with Scotland the orator was rolling up his sleeves and calling out like Goliath of Gath for all the township of Oro to come forward and contradict him. Many of the audience became alarmed, and some of the older folk were starting for the door, when at last the flow of fiery eloquence ceased. How he ever managed to stop, no one could understand; some people said they supposed he had come to the limit of his English. If Catchach had been able to address his audience in Gaelic, it is likely they would not have seen their homes until morning.

But he did stop at last, and went earing down the aisle and out of the door, shaking the dust of the place from off his feet. The back row rose in a body, and went roaring after him, for Catchach in a rage was better than all the patriotic demonstrations on earth.

The meeting broke up in complete disorder. The hour was unconscionably late, and the remainder of the long, inspiring programme had perforce to be omitted. Those of the audience who remained sang "God Save the Queen" in a rather distracted fashion, and hurried away with the firm conviction that a patriotic concert was an exceedingly improper performance.

THE MIXER.

Reprinted by permission of the holder of the copyright, from "The Empire Builders," a book of poems by Robert J. C. Stead, of Cartwright, Man. Mr. Stead is a native of Ontario, but went to Manitoba when quite young, with his parents, who were pioneers in their settlement. His poems deal chiefly with prairie life.

They are fresh from all creation, from the lands beyond
the seas,

Where a man accepts existence by the grace of "if you
please,"

From the homes of rank and title, from the slums of
want and woe,

They are coming as the cattle that have nowhere else
to go;

They are haggard, huddled, homeless, frightened at—
they know not what;

With a few unique exceptions, they're a disappointing
lot;

But I take 'em as I get 'em, soldier, sailor, saint and
clown,

And I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

Oh, I take 'em from the counter, the factory, the mine,
They are rough-and-ready rascals till I lick 'em into line;
They are coming, coming, coming, from the land of Who-
Knows-Where,

Black and white and many-tinted, brown and yellow,
dark and fair;

They are coming from the valley, from the prairie, from
the hill,

They are coming from the "May I?" to the country of
"I Will";

And for some the smart of failure, and for some achieve-
ment's crown,

As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

In my new-made, day-old cities I apply them to the test,
Where they mix and clash and scramble witht the Spirit
of the West;

With the lust of gain before them, and the lust of sin
within,

Where a few go down the deeper, but the many rise and
win;

Where the sons of men are equal in the eyes of other men,
And the man who falls defeated rises up to fight again:
I mix 'em, mix 'em, mix 'em, in the turmoil of the town,
As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

And I take 'em in the forest, where the axes bite the tree,
And I school 'em in the building of this country of the
free;

In the vermin-gluttled bunk-house they can spend the
stingy nights,

Where their only recreations are the "blow-outs" and
the fights;

In the spring they're on the river, where the logs go
racing by,

And they haven't time to wonder who will be the next
to die;

There are some will ride in safety while the others
quietly drown,

As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

In the camps of railway builders you will find 'em by
the score,

Where a man is set to doing things he never saw before,
Where they set the greenhorn handling glycerine and
dynamite—

Just a stumble or a mishap and it blows him out of
sight—

Where the Yankee fights witht fire-arms and the Dago
with his knife,

And a little bit of banter may cost a man his life;

Where they learn to reach for weapons at the signal of a
frown—

There I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the silent, sunlit prairies they are list'ning to the call
That is calling, calling, calling, "Come you up, why will
you fall?"

Here is pay for every workers, here's reward for honest
toil,

And a man may grow to heaven if his roots are in the
soil."

They are putting off the old things, they are trying on
the new;

In the battle with conditions they are proving what is
true;

They are earnest, they are hopeful, and no hand can hold
them down,

As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

In the great, big, white-walled winter, when the soul
cries out in dread—

In the nameless dread of winter, when the summer hopes
are dead—

When the thoughts turn backward, backward, to the land
beyond the sea,

And the weak ones and the false ones would renounce
their faith in me—

Then I curse them, starve them, freeze them, until every
naked bone

Rattles in the howling blizzard, "I accept you as my
own."

In the sacrament of suffering their memories I drown,

As I roll them out Canadians—all but the yellow and
brown.

In the city, on the prairie, in the forest, in the camp,

In the mountain-clouds of color, in the fog-white river-
damp,

From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the
Pole,

I am mixing strange ingredients into a common whole;
Every hope shall build upon me, every heart shall be
 my own,
The ambitions of my people shall be mine, and mine
 alone;
Not a sacrifice so great but they will gladly lay it down
When I turn them out Canadians—all but the yellow
 and brown.

GOD'S SIGNALMAN.

By R. J. C. Stead.

Well, no, I'm not superstitious,—at least, I don't call it
 that,—
But when someone spins a creepy yarn I don't deny it
 flat,
For a man who spends a lifetime with the throttle in his
 hand
Is bound to have adventures that he cannot understand;
I sometimes think our knowledge here is but a sorry
 show,—
We're only on the borderland of what there is to know.

I used to think a man could know all things that could
 be known;
That he should not acknowledge any power above his
 own;
That, however strange the circumstance, there always is
 a cause
That is in complete obedience to some of Nature's laws;
But I couldn't shake conviction off, no matter how I
 tried,
And I've changed my way of thinking since the night
 that Willie died.
Yes, Willie was my little son—my greatest earthly joy—
And wife and I just kind o' seemed to dote upon the boy;

When I was out on duty she would hover round the lad,
And treasure up his sayings to repeat them to his dad;
And every night, at lighting time, I knew that, without
fail,
His baby lips were praying for the man out on the
rail. . . .

Ah, well, for three short years we knew what such a
treasure is,
And we grew ever more attached to those sweet ways of
his;
When one day, swinging through the gate, I saw, with
blanching face,
My wife as pale as ashes, and a doctor in the place. . . .
I tried to go in steady, but my knees were knocking hard,
And the light went out of heaven as I staggered up the
yard.

The doctor was a friend of mine, with children of his own,
But he didn't need to tell me, for a blind man would
have known
By the labored, quick-caught breathing, and the little
burning brow,
That the Visitor was ready and was waiting for him now.
We sat about his bedside in silent, deep despair,
And the years rolled down upon us as we faced each
other there.

'Twas a little before midnight when a ring came at the
bell,
And the call-boy said, "Excuse me, sir, but I was sent
to tell
You that the Limited is waiting, and there's no one else
about;
They're expecting you to take her. If you don't she
can't go out."
I left the answer to my wife. With lips as white as snow,
She whispered, "Do your duty," and I said, "All right,
I'll go."

My fireman knew my trouble, and in rough-and-ready
way
He let me know his heart was feeling things he couldn't
say;
The night was dark and moonless, but the bright stars
overhead
Seemed to whisper to each other, "His little boy is dead."
The very locomotive seemed to read my thoughts aright,
And the monster sobbed in sympathy as we bulleted the
night.

We'd been running fast and steady till a little after two;
All the passengers were sleeping, except, perhaps, a few
who sat a-swapping stories in the smoker, when a sight
Met my eyes that fairly froze my blood in terror and
affright—
For there, before me, standing, in the halo of the light
Was a little child outlined against the blackness of the
night!

Oh, I could not be mistaken, I would know him any-
where,
With his father's mouth and forehead, and his mother's
eyes and hair,
And little arms outstretched to me that seemed to coax
and say,
"Come, Daddy, come and kiss me, for I'm going far
away."
I flung the brake and throttle, and amid the hissing steam
The vision grew, and waned away, and vanished as a
dream!

My fireman was beside me: "Your nerve is going, Jack;
Let's leave the engine here and take a walk along the
track.
The exercise will do you good." I followed as he led,
Until we reached the gorge about a hundred yards ahead:
The night wind cooled my temples as we walked the
bridge upon,

Till we sudden stopped with a sudden gasp—THE CENTRE
SPAN WAS GONE!

.

You may call it hallucination, as some of the others do,
But I know that the Master took my boy that night at
half-past two;
And the prayers of a hundred passengers had been
offered up in vain
Had his spirit, clad in his baby dress, not stood before
my train. . . .
I know I cried in my window-seat, and was otherwise
ill-behaved,
But the life that I lost was more to me than all the lives
he saved.

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER.

This and the following poem are reprinted by permission of the holder of the copyright, from "The Selected Poems of William Wye Smith." The author is a native of Scotland, came to Canada when ten years old. Until recently was actively engaged in the work of the ministry. He has written a great deal of simple, home-like verse with the true Canadian ring.

John Tompkins lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound—
The gable was logs, all tight and round;
The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
And the floor was long, all down to the ground;—
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer;
None of your birch, with bark of buff,
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff;
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough—
The finest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer;
For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain;
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The grandest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,—
Or out of the “company’s” way to lurk,
And ply in the shanty his knife and fork—
The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer;
And out on the River-end of his lot
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house would not go at all,
On the second concession of Deer;
’Twas “mother” no more, to wash or bake,
Nor “father” the gallants’ steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake,
And even their butter they’d first to make!—
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer;
Then the girls got back the brave old pair,
And gave the mother her easy chair;—
She told them how, and they did their share—
And John the honors once more did year
Of his own domain in Deer!

HERE'S TO THE LAND.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine!

Here's to the Land of the raft and the river!

Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,

And the night that is bright with the North-Lights'
quiver!

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe!

Here's to the hearties that give them their glory!

With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,

The might of the forest has passed into story!

Here's to the Land with its blanket of snow—

To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow!

Here's to the Land where the stormy winds blow

Three days ere the mountains can talk to the billow!

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board!

Here's the maple that sweetens their story!

Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,

And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!

Here's to the hills of the moose and the deer!

Here's to her forests, her fields, and her flowers!

Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,

And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native
bowers!



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